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HOME AND ITS TREASURES.—AFTER R. CARRICK.

THE ALDINE.

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THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

THE little son of Hans Vedder
Went out on an afternoon;
Over his head the sky was blue
With the tender blue of June,
And the little birds sang right and left,
With every note in tune.

The meadow was pink with clover
That blossomed under his feet,
And the wind that wandered to and fro
Had never seemed so sweet;
It kissed the little blue flax-flowers,
And tossed the field of wheat.

The little son of Hans Vedder,
The sweet wind kissed him, too,
The curly locks on his broad white brow,
And his eyes so brave and true:
The June sky and the flax-flowers
Were only just as blue.

He had been a diligent scholar,
And done his tasks so soon,
The master gave him holiday
For the whole bright afternoon;
And his mother gave him leave to play
Till the rising of the moon.

"When you see her horn of silver
Above the dyke," she said;
"You will understand the time has come
(Although the sky be red)
For little chickens to go to roost,
And little boys to bed.

"Come home in proper season,
My good little son," said she.
"And so I will, my mother,"
He answered sturdily.
"It shall not be for a fault of mine
If anything hinders me."

About her work went the mother,
With a cheerful heart at rest;
From the time when, a baby plump and small,
He had laughed upon her breast,
Her little son, amongst all the boys,
Was known to be the best.

He was ready for fun and frolic,
As a sturdy boy should be;
Nobody climbed, or skated, or ran,
With a merrier will than he.
But to honor his father and mother in all
Was Hansel's rule of three!

So the mother's heart was easy
This afternoon; for she knew
What Hansel said was certainly
What Hansel meant to do.
It's a light heart that a mother bears
When she knows her boy is true!

She sang at her wheel right gayly,
As she spun out the flaxen thread;
And she smiled as she laid the supper-cloth
With a loaf of wheaten bread:
"I know how hungry the child will be
After his play," she said.

So she set the table with honey
Sweet in the waxen comb,
With a pat of butter, and golden cream,
And a dish of curds like foam.
"Soon I will see the white moon rise,
And my boy will be coming home."

But the white moon rose, and floated
Over the setting sun;
The daylight faded, the little stars
Came twinkling one by one;
And the mother looked with longing eyes,
But all in vain, for her son.

The father, stout Hans Vedder,
He smoked his pipe at his ease;
He had eaten half of the wheaten loaf,
And a pound of cottage cheese,
And washed them down with a foaming draught,
As he smoked in the shade of the trees.

He said, "You are fretting for nothing—
But a woman can never rest;
She's like the gilded cock on the vane
That the wind blows east and west:
Let the boy alone, he will find his way,
Early or late, to his nest."

"He promised to come," said the mother,
"It is this that makes me afraid;
If nothing had happened to hinder him
I am sure he would not have stayed.
Some trouble has overtaken the child,
And his homeward feet delayed.

"You may smoke your pipe, Hans Vedder,
And swallow your mugs of beer—
It is well for a man to take his ease,
And say there is nothing to fear!
But all the same, I shall go," she said,
"To look for my Hansel dear."

Hans Vedder he smoked and grumbled:
"A woman can never be still!
Clickety-clack, her tongue goes on
Like the clapper in a mill;
But the man that values a quiet life
Must learn to march at her will."

So the two went forth together,
And of every soul in the way,
She asked "Have you seen my Hansel?"
But no one was able to say.
The neighbors smiled at her anxious looks:
"You are far too fearful," said they.

"My Jan," cried one, "why, bless you!
If I chose to fidget and fret
For every time that boy was late,
It is little peace I would get.
Boys will be boys, but wait a bit,
And you'll see your truant yet."

"Your Jan is not my Hansel,"
The mother answered with pride.
"He was never a truant in his life,
And he has been often tried."
But the neighbor laughed. "There's a first time
For everything," he replied.

And Hans, he joked with the neighbor,
But the mother's heart was sore;
She turned her face from their idle words,
And hurried on before,
For the sense of trouble about the child
Weighed on her more and more.

More and more was she troubled,
For the night grew black apace;
The wind blew chill from a sudden cloud
That darkened the white moon's face,
And a ragged streak of lightning flashed
Across the hollow space.

She wrung her hands in the darkness,
She prayed with a wordless prayer:
"Oh, Christ! protect my good little son,
And have him safe in thy care;
Oh, Mary, Mother! find the place
Where he is, and lead me there!"

But there came no answer to her,
Only the rushing rain;
And the heavy drops they seemed to fall
Like lead upon heart and brain;
Till homeward the weary mother went,
For her search was all in vain.

Hans Vedder, sober and silent,
To his lonely chamber crept,
And tossed about with a troubled mind;
Yet, after a little, slept.
But the weeping mother all night long
Her sleepless vigil kept.

She wakened the father early,
With the new day just begun.
"Rise up," she said, "and come with me;
This day shall nothing be done,
Nor will I rest, till, alive or dead,
I have found my little son."

There were few words spoken between them,
As they went again on their way;
The empty streets were dumb with sleep
In the misty morning gray,
And the silence of a mutual dread
Upon their spirits lay.

Beyond the line of houses,
And the length of village street,
Over a mile of beaten road
They trod with hasty feet,
Till they reached the clover meadow
And the field of early wheat.

Some instinct led the mother,
She knew not what or why—
But she looked about her, right and left,
With a sudden kindling eye,
And all at once, with a leap of heart,
She gave a joyful cry.

"What is it?" the father asked her,
But she answered not a word;
Over the bending wheat she flew
Like any winged bird;
The sudden breeze swept Hans's face,
By her rustling garments stirred.

He followed her, not so lightly:
The tender stalks were bent
Under the tread of his trampling feet,
That reeked not where they went;
But never a thought Hans Vedder gave
To the owner's discontent.

For he saw what the keen-eyed mother
Had been so quick to see—
A shadow that wavered to and fro
Like the leaves upon a tree—
The shadowy shape of a little head,
As plain as plain could be!

It was lying, this little shadow,
Against the broad stone dyke;—
Nodding upon the white-washed wall
At home he had seen its like,
When the sandman, going his evening rounds,
The sleepy eyes would strike.

But never the nodding shadow
Had seemed so fair a sight,
And never the father's heart had thrilled
To such a deep delight.
He who regains a treasure lost
May read his joy aright.

The mother she clasped her Hansel
Close to her beating breast;
All night his poor little tired head
Had found no place to rest,
And she raised her hands in mute amazement
When the reason was confessed.

For the little son of Hans Vedder
Had done a noble deed;
My heart leaps up within me
When I the story read.
Its courage and unselfishness
Few stories can exceed.

In simple words to tell it—
The child had left his play,
And started promptly for his home
Before the close of day.
The path that lay along the dyke
Had been his nearest way.

But passing here, his footsteps
Were held as by a spell:
From a tiny fissure in the rock
A stream of water fell,
And the watchful little Hollander,
He knew the danger well.

Many a time his father
Had told him how this wall
Kept back the sea, that otherwise
Had overflowed them all;
And showed him, if the dyke gave way,
What ruin would befall.

So he waited not for counsel
Upon the thing to do,
But thrust his finger in the place
Where the stone was cleft in two,
And watched with beating heart to see
If still the stream crept through.

It trickled down for a moment,
A thread of water thin,
But the small forefinger wedged itself
So tight the crevice in,
That, presently, not a single drop
Its harmful way could win.

Then the child sat down contented,
And waited patiently:
"Somebody, surely, will come by
In a little while," thought he,
"Who will stop the hole in a better way,
And I shall be set free."

But, alas for little Hansel!
No friendly step passed by.
The moon rose, and the sunset light
Grew dim in the western sky.
Over the distant marshes rang
The bull-frog's rasping cry.

No human voice came near him,
His lonely watch to cheer;
The bats and owls flew past him
And made him shrink with fear,
The rain beat down upon his head,
And the lightning seemed so near!

And the little aching finger!
It was stiff, and numb, and sore;
All his body was cramped with pain
He had never felt before;
But the little hero kept his post
In spite of the ills he bore.

How long the night, and dreary,
Can be but faintly guessed;
To his patient suffering at last
Sleep brought a fitful rest,
And the child waked up to find his head
Upon his mother's breast!

She bore her treasure homeward;
The neighbors flocked around
To hear with wondering joy and praise
How the little son was found.
Hans Vedder stayed to mend the dyke
And make it safe and sound.

When the builders came to see it,
They said, that crevice small
Would have widened, ere the break of day,
Till it undermined the wall,
And that Hansel's slight forefinger
Had saved the lives of all!

So, honor be to Hansel!
And let them crown who will
The heroes of the battle-field,
Who march to fight and kill;
For me the little Hollander
Is a greater hero still!

—Mary E. Bradley.

THANKSGIVING DAYS.

THERE is a popular delusion in America, not to say a popular superstition, that "Thanksgiving Day," which in its present form is undoubtedly an American institution, is a purely American invention. We are popularly told that the Puritans invented it that they might thus easily escape the necessity of keeping Christmas. This delusion is like a good many kindred delusions, with which we flatter ourselves that because we like cakes and ale, and have cakes and ale, we invented cakes and ale. So there is a popular impression that we invented free schools. The truth is, that at least as early as the time of Charondas, who legislated for the States of Sybaris, or of Sicily, more than five centuries before Christ, he introduced the system of universal public education. "He made another law better than these, and neglected by the older legislators, for he enacted that all the sons of the citizens should be instructed in letters, the city paying the salaries of the teachers. For he held that the poor, not being able to pay their teachers from their own property, would be deprived of the most valuable discipline. For this legislator rated the study of letters above all other science, and very fitly;—for by this most things, and the most useful things in life are adjusted—votes, letters, wills, laws, and everything else especially valuable in life."*

The truth is, with regard to Thanksgiving Day, that the authorities both of church and state, in England and in Scotland, were accustomed to appoint them long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. They did not, however, appoint them annually, nor for the gathering in of the harvest especially. Nor did the Pilgrims at first suppose that theirs was to be a permanent festival. They tried it, and they liked it so well that they persevered.

The idiom, a little peculiar, in which we speak of "giving thanks" is early. In the Bible of 1551, the Samaritan leper "gave him thanks." In Wiclif's Bible "he did thankngis." Almost as early as the first of these two dates, the queen's proclamation for a thanksgiving day may be found in the English calendars. On the 22d of January, 1564, the Bishop of London sets forth "A short form of thanksgiving to God for ceasing of the contagious sickness of the plague, to be used in common prayer, in the city of London and the rest of the diocese." Of course this is not a provision for a special day of thanksgiving, but it recognizes an appointment by the government of religious service. The next year Bishop Grindall writes to Cecil that he has received certain advertisements relating to Malta from the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he thinks the offering of public thanks had best be deferred eight days "till the news be confirmed." Let us not hurrah till we are out of the woods.

Our fathers, therefore, when they crossed to Holland, and when they came to New England, brought with them the remembrance of an occasional thanksgiving day, appointed by the authorities. They maintained what was to them a not unfamiliar custom.

The first New England Thanksgiving is thus described in a letter, written a few weeks after, by Edward Winslow: "Our harvest being gotten in," he says, "our governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl, as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week."

The governor who appointed the Thanksgiving, December 13, 1621, in his own journal gives us further illustration in this note: "Great store of wild turkies

with venison, fit our houses against winter,—are in health,—and have all things plenty."

There is no finer illustration of the value of the modern passion for detail in archaeological inquiry—this eagerness with which the Historical societies compass sea and land to find one paragraph, nay, one syllable, than in this word "turkies." Till 1855, no New Englander of this generation dared say that the Pilgrim Fathers had roast turkey at their Thanksgiving dinner. "Fowl" we knew they had, from Winslow's letter. But what were the fowl? Ah! that was left to what the theologians call conjectural emendation—until on a happy day it was discovered that in the library of the Bishop of London lurked a manuscript which might be Bradford's journal. Wise men looked, and it was Bradford's journal! Wise men copied—wise men printed—and the patient New England reader learned, to his delight, as you have read just now, "that there were great store of wild turkies"—let us for the instant, dear shade of Aldus, spell it as he spelled it!

Josselyn tells us, that they had turkeys in those days of sixty pounds each. As there were but some fifty Pilgrims who were old enough to sit together at the feast—as they must have had some venison, and scalloped oysters—it is fair to conjecture that Myles Standish carved one sixty-pounder, and William Bradford another—and that there was enough for the first Thanksgiving dinner.

The contrast to this plenty was in the spring and summer of 1623, when the folly of Weston's Colony at Merry Mount, the delay of the Pilgrims' supplies, and a long drought, had reduced them almost to starvation. They appointed the first day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. Nor were their exercises on such occasions as brief as ours. "In the morning, when we assembled together," says Winslow, "the heavens were as clear, and the drought as like to continue as it ever was—yet, our exercises continuing some eight or nine hours, before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most revived."

At the same time Captain Standish returned from Pascataquack with provisions which he had brought for the colony. "Having there many signs of God's favor and acceptance," says Winslow again, "we thought it would be great ingratitude if secretly we should smother up the same, or content ourselves with private thanksgiving for that which by private prayer could not be obtained; and, therefore, another solemn day was appointed for this end, wherein we returned glory, honor and praise, with all thankfulness, to our God which dealt so graciously with us."

From that day to this there has been no famine in the Old Colony. But when Massachusetts was at the end of the first year, it was in like extremity. "The people," says Winthrop, "were necessitated to live upon clams and muscles, and ground nuts and acorns—and these got with much difficulty in the winter time. Upon which people were much tried and discouraged, especially when they heard that the governor himself had the last batch in the oven." This is Winthrop's modest way of stating it. Cotton Mather tells us that the governor was giving his last handful of meal unto a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door, when, "at that instant, they spied a ship arrived at the harbor's mouth laden with provisions for them all." A day of fasting and prayer for relief had been appointed for the next day, but now the day is changed, and on the 22d of February "we held a day of thanksgiving for this ship's arrival—by order from the governor and council, directed to all the plantations."

So, you see, there were sometimes Thanksgiving Days in spring.

On the 8th of July, 1630, when the colony had first well landed, "we kept a day of thanksgiving in all the plantations."

On the 22d of February, 1631, thanksgiving was again observed. This was changed from a fast.

On the 2d of November the governor's family arrived from England; on the 4th they landed. "Divers of the assistants and most of the people * * * came to welcome them, and brought and sent, for divers days, great store of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, etc., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England." "And on the 11th," adds the governor, "we kept a day of thanksgiving in Boston."

The next winter was another winter of scarcity; but since that time there has been no famine in Massachusetts.

Every year, I suppose, without an exception, the Christian people of Massachusetts have thanked God in public service, for "filling the granaries of the husbandman." But this feast has never been simply a harvest feast. Those who founded it believed God was in all the affairs of men, and praised him for all the tokens of that presence.

The fourth Thanksgiving in the Bay Colony, was on the 13th of June, 1632. "The General Court, taking into consideration the great mercy of God vouchsafed to the churches of God in Germany and the Pallatinate, etc., and for the safe arrival of all the ships, they having lost not one person, nor one sick among them, appointed the 13th day of this present month to be kept as a day of publique thanksgiving throughout the several plantations."

Slight is the mark which battles leave after two centuries, but yet Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of that New England Thanksgiving, lives in men's memories. The Thanksgiving was for his victory over Tilley and Wallenstein, and his entry into Munich; and whoever follows the tale in Schiller, must interweave with his reading the memory of a New England Thanksgiving Day. The "Pallatinate," alas! has not fared so well of late.

The custom was not yet fixed which always appoints Thanksgiving in the autumn, but on the 19th of June, in 1633, was another; in the autumn, however, of the same year, was yet another: "In regard of the many and extraordinary mercies which the Lord hath been pleased of late to vouchsafe to this plantation; viz., a plentiful harvest, ships safely arrived with persons of special use and quality, etc., it is ordered that Wednesday, the 16th (Oct.), shall be kept as a day of publique thanksgiving." These persons of special quality were John Cotton, minister of the first church; Hooker, who was afterward Cromwell's chaplain; Haynes, afterward Governor of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The next year, the safe arrival of ships and passengers is again the reason assigned for the thanksgiving on the 20th of August.

In 1637, victory in war comes in again. October 12th is thanksgiving to God, for his great mercies in subduing the Pecoits; bringing the soldiers in safety; the success of the Conference, and good news from Germany. On this occasion "some of the Church in Boston would not be present at the public exercises." It is to be regretted that some of their descendants imitate their practice without their excuse: they refused to attend because dissatisfied with the assembly of the Cambridge synod, the "Conference" alluded to. "The captains and soldiers who had been in the Pequot war were feasted, and, after the sermon, the magistrates and elders accompanied them to the door of the house where they dined." In the next year the elders of each church are notified of the desire of the Court to keep the last Thursday of October a day of thanksgiving "for the safe comings of so many ships this year, and the seasonable weather in the spring, and now to ripen the harvest." Thus begins the custom still preserved, by which the governor and the council send their proclamation to each church in the commonwealth.

In the next year it is fixed on the 28th of November, with the proviso that those churches which have kept a day already are left to their liberty.

In 1659 (Dec. 8), the Thanksgiving was appointed "for the comfortable harvest, the health of the country generally, and for our preservation from the destructive desires of that pestilent company the Quakers; for the healing of the great breach at Hartford, and for the peace of the churches and the commonwealth."

Sept. 28, 1654, is a Thanksgiving for the "hopeful establishment of government in our native country in that way and in those of whom we have great cause to expect that the Lord's kingdom and people will be cherished, the people's liberties preserved, and the peace of the nation settled."

That is, they thanked God for Oliver Cromwell's establishment in the Protectorate.

In 1660 (July 5) the Thanksgiving was "God's goodness to us in the loving letter of Charles the Second, just returned—for our long peace, health and plenty." So we thanked God for Oliver Cromwell's death—and Richard Cromwell's overthrow.

With that record closes the history of the Thanksgivings of the first generation in New England.

—E. E. Hale.

* Diodorus Siculus, xii. 9, 10.



A CHANCE MEETING.—AFTER RUDAUX.

GEMS OF ART.

AMONG other things, it is an object of *THE ALDINE* to place within the reach of the public perfect representations of the works of foreign masters—those whose pictures are everywhere sought after, but which are so costly only the wealthy can possess them. To this end three beautiful engravings, having all the delicacy, expression, and exquisite fineness of detail to be found in the best of steel engravings, have been especially prepared for the pages of our present number. The pictures, "Home and its Treasures," "A Chance Meeting," and "The First Visit," have been already given to the public in the form of large steel engravings, but at a cost of not less than ten dollars each. Those who would purchase the pictures in that style must spend thirty dollars; in *THE ALDINE* they can be had for a few

cents! Carefully comparing our reproductions with the originals, all will admit that, in light and shade, tone, expression and finish, giving the beholder an exact idea of what the artist attempted to express on canvas, our pictures are equal in every respect to the ten-dollar steel engravings! Is it not a triumph of art, of which any journalist or publisher may be proud, that such costly pictures, so very beautiful and artistic, can be placed in every home in America for an outlay of a few cents? If each issue gave but three such pictures, in the course of a year every subscriber would possess three hundred and sixty dollars worth of engravings, exactly as good as the best steel-plate pictures, for the sum of five dollars. We know our readers rejoice with us that we are able to do this great thing—a feat, it may safely be asserted, never before accomplished by any art journal in the world.

"Home and its Treasures" is a charming picture. A sailor husband has been long absent, most likely upon a voyage to India or China. In the words of the poet, he yearns to see the face of his wife again:

"If I might look on her sweet face again,
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth
At evening, when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill."

He has arrived home in the night, to find his little ones sleeping, the soft moonlight pouring a silvery flood over their innocent faces. In the joy and confusion incident to the wife-welcome of the long-absent and much-hoped-for father's return, one of the children has left his dreaming, to spring from the bed into his father's arms. This is the touching and joyous moment chosen by the artist. How well he has stamped it upon canvas the world can see.



THE FIRST VISIT.—AFTER RUDAU.

A sailor's strongly bound chest has been opened, displaying to the glad eyes of the wife a rich collection of dress stuffs, brought from over the seas: silks from China, cashmeres from India. The scene is an English one, and was painted by R. Carrick, who exhibited it at the International Exhibition in London in 1862, when it attracted much attention.

Two companion pieces, from the brush of a French artist, E. Rudaux, representing scenes in the love-life of an artist, which we give this month, cannot fail to please the most exacting art-critics. As works of art they are tender, full of delicate light and shade, with an atmosphere loaded with the sentiment of the occasion. The contrast between the out-of-door feeling which pervades us while gazing upon "A Chance Meeting," and the easy, home-like, fireside sensations we experience while looking into the warm interior, and witnessing the further progress of the

young couple who are so deeply interested in each other, is so marked and beautiful, we wish to direct special attention to it.

An artist, who has been at work sketching from nature, has thrown himself back against a noble tree, to enjoy his cigar, rest his weary brain, and indulge in a chat with the pretty maid who was passing that way. She leans gracefully upon the rustic fence, standing beneath the welcome shade of noon-day, while the summer zephyrs kiss her cheeks, and play in her hair. She is as calm and full of repose as the artist, and gives no evidence of a desire to leave the rustic pathway. Gazing down into the deep blue depths of the artist's eyes, who shall say what she sees there, or whether her glances are like those of Cupid, which pierce the heart? The brushes have been laid aside; the sun umbrella is folded up; the traveling-pouch makes a good foot-stool—the artist

is in love! Tennyson has told us, in his beautiful poem of "Locksley Hall," that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." With this artist the passion has turned far into the summer!

The old, old story. Under the trees the tender flame commenced to burn in his breast. An answering flame sprung up in hers, and he accepted an invitation to visit her mother's cottage in the village. So they wandered down the hill-side, and passed through the little town, until the humble dwelling was reached. There, before the bright fire blazing on the hearth, as the shadows of evening are drawing over, the sweet love idyll is continued. The moment has arrived when the question of all others has been asked. There may be a little hesitation on the part of the maiden, but the expression upon her face indicates what the answer will be.

THE PAINTED CUP.

THE fairy king, in wrath one day,
His mystic chalice flung away,
For though with nectar half filled up,
He scorned to touch the painted cup.

Yet, if by brooks I pause to drink,
His beaker stands upon the brink,
And in the crystal far below,
I see its evanescent glow.

It lures me through the marshy ground,
Its scarlet splendor all around,
And I could wish the cruel fay,
Would take his sinful cup away.

For even now, with wine deep dyed,
I see it by the river side,
Betraying by its tempting gleam,
All such as wander by the stream.

No fay comes seeking though the sedge,
Perhaps the king has signed the pledge,
For, reddened with its brilliant stains,
Untasted still, the cup remains. — W. W. Bailey.

MY NEIGHBOR.

SOME wise man—I forget who—has called a boarding-house a little world, made up, like the great world, of odds and ends, where you may find a genius at your right hand and a fool at your left. My left-hand neighbor, in the case I am recalling, was not a fool, but a Frenchman; and my right—well, my right-hand neighbor was something more perplexing, more interesting than a genius, for it was—a woman.

I am an engineer by profession, and had been sent to L—, to superintend the laying of a new line of rail. It was my first dinner in Mrs. Aphwaite's boarding-house, and I looked with a stranger's curiosity down the long table at the double row of faces, no one of which I had seen before that day. One seat only, just at my right, was vacant, but the knife and fork laid about the napkin indicated that its owner was expected to take possession.

"Miss Knowles is late again to-day," remarked a young man opposite. "Those tiresome little animals keep her out of all conscience."

My mental wonder as to whether the lady could be connected with a menagerie was answered by Mr. Deblay, the Frenchman at my left.

"My faith!" he exclaimed, "I astonish myself that a lady such as *cette belle Mademoiselle Noailles* is not before this restricted to *one* scholar—life-long, *bien entendu!*" he added, diverting his soup-spoon from its legitimate use to kiss it with a flourish.

"Why don't you try her with the proposal, Deblay? She seems to smile more on you," said, with a just perceptible sneer, a man next to the first speaker.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried Deblay, "she smiles, yes; but a smile as bright and cold as sunshine on an iceberg. Ah, it is a bad counsel you make your friends, M. Vebstere!"

"That's because he likes to see 'em in the same fix as himself, eh, Webster?" slyly said the young man who had spoken about "little animals."

The remark evidently contained a meaning unwelcome to Mr. Webster. His black eyebrows came closer together, and his heavy mustache gave an impatient jerk, as he said, hastily, "Much obliged, I'm sure, but I'm not over anxious for smiles from nobody knows who—"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I call you to order," said a stout man farther down, who had pushed aside his soup-plate and was busy mixing a dish of salad. "'Of the dead and the absent'—you know the old proverb."

Just then the door opened, and a woman entered. I own my curiosity was roused by the preceding conversation, and I followed her with my eyes as she walked nearly the length of the long table to the vacant seat; but, owing to the light, I could distinguish hardly anything more than that her movements and the outlines of her figure were unusually graceful. As she reached my side I rose and drew back her chair, for which little attention she thanked me with that same cold smile—as I could now perceive—of which the young Frenchman had spoken, and his simile seemed to me one less fanciful than at first.

It is my theory that a first-rate engineer must have something of the artist in him. Now, I may say, without undue vanity, that I was a first-rate engineer, and I suppose it was this artistic something which was so strongly impressed by the sort of harmony in

the voice, gesture and whole presence of the woman beside me. My curiosity had changed at once into interest; I cast about in my mind how to make her more aware of my existence than she had as yet the air of being.

"There does not appear to be any master of the ceremonies here," I began, "so we must introduce ourselves,—since we are to be neighbors. Permit me to present myself as George Denvers, an engineer, and very much at your service professionally or otherwise," I blundered on, not very well knowing what I was saying, for she had turned her eyes full on me, and they made me lose my head a little. "And you?"

"Miss Knowles, a drawing-teacher," she answered, not exactly shortly, but briefly. But I would not take the hint. I wanted to make her look at me again. I took up the glass of water before me.

"This is rather a cold element for pledge-offering, Miss Knowles," I said, "but at least it is a pure one. Suppose we drink to neighborhood and friendship."

I had succeeded. She did look at me again, her eyes resting on my face with an indescribable expression.

"You are a bold man, Mr. Denvers," she said finally, "to offer that pledge to an utter stranger. Why, I might be—anything! a thief or a murderer, for what you know!"

"Oh, pray allow me more skill in physiognomy," said I, thinking the while how oddly her words chimed in with those of Webster a minute ago.

"You believe in physiognomy? So do I," she said quickly; then, as if repenting of even that slight impulsiveness, she resumed in the old tone, "Still, suppose after all I were to turn out a desperate character—what would you say then?"

"I should say, with one of our New York judges, that there must have been 'attenuating circumstances,'" I replied, laughing.

She smiled, and reached out her hand to her glass: "Very well, 'To neighborhood and friendship' then, since you choose to run the risk!"

This little dialogue had been carried on thus far under cover of a rather noisy discussion opposite, but here some one spoke to Miss Knowles, and I was obliged to content myself with observing her. I did not find it a tiresome occupation. She was a very handsome woman—for, though unmarried and evidently young, no one would have thought of calling Miss Knowles a girl,—and there was much more than beauty in her face, there was a meaning in every line, a meaning which suggested that hers had been no ordinary or easy life. But though a set face, it was not a hard one, and attracted in spite of itself.

"Miss Knowles, I think it is too unkind!" said the person who had interrupted us, one of the prettiest little school-girls I ever saw, leaning forward from our side of the table. "You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I do believe you've forgotten that we're engaged!"

"By Jove! Miss Knowles is to be envied!" It was Webster who said this, and the marked way in which he said it made the speech a rude one. Deblay perhaps thought so, for he said instantly,

"Oh, mon Dieu! yes, Mees Noailles and Mees Morrell are to be envied and blamed alike, both the two! It is cruel of your sex to monopolize itself against us misérables, you hear, Mademoiselle Morrell?"

If one had fancied Miss Knowles' face hard, he would have changed his mind in watching the smile with which she answered the laughing young girl, a smile out of which the ice had melted and left pure sunlight.

"No, I've not forgotten, Rosa," she said; "but you know of old I never kiss and tell."

It was a peculiarity of this woman's,—as I had occasion later repeatedly to observe—that, whatever she said or did, she could not help being remarkable, so much her personality made itself felt in everything. She made that quotation from the common little song just as anybody might have done, carelessly, and manifestly without a thought of effect, yet I do not believe there was a man at the table who heard it from her lips quite unmoved. Even Webster lifted his eyes to her with a kind of sullen admiration, a tribute which he was as unwilling to give as she to receive, but which was forced from him against his will.

My pledge of friendship, I am constrained to admit, did not advance me as I could have wished with Miss Knowles. A certain degree of progress she allowed me to make, but never one step beyond.

Oddly enough, it was a kind of disagreement which served me most, and which came about in this way. One evening I had been reading to her, and had just closed the book as twilight came on, when my attention was attracted by a newly married pair in the balcony opposite, who, regardless of the double row of houses, were indulging in some of those demonstrations peculiar to the honeymoon. It would only have amused me, as usual, but for the effect it had on Miss Knowles. I shall never forget her look nor her tone—the mixture of pity, contempt, and something that was almost like envy, as she said under her breath—"She thinks it will last!—poor little fool!" Involuntarily a quotation from the volume we had been reading together came to my lips: "I too, have been in Arcadia!" I should hardly have known that I had spoken aloud, but for the way in which she turned on me.

"What suggested that to you?" she said, imperiously. "Tell me, I insist!"

"The expression of your face just now," I answered, smiling. "There was a whole romance in it."

"Indeed!" she rejoined, with a deliberate emphasis contrasting with her former abruptness, "that must be an agreeable pastime, trying to surprise faces off their guard! Perhaps you are going to favor me with other revelations gained in the same way?"

Aside from the sudden, most unwelcome conviction that I had indeed chanced on some jarring chord in the past, I was so taken aback by her cold and cutting manner of speaking as to be literally without words to reply. I could only look at her, but she understood my look, I suppose, for the next moment she said, in a very different tone: "I beg your pardon, sincerely, Mr. Denvers, you have a right to your thoughts, and it was I who forced you to explain them. Only"—and she gave a forced smile, "take my advice, don't waste your time in studying my face; the romances you might read there would not be good for much in any sense. And now, forgive me!" And she reached out her hand to me. I took it and held it a moment while our eyes met. What she read in mine I don't know, but whatever it was, it did not appear to please her, for she drew her hand away quickly with a slight frown. Still, as I said, after this, though she did not admit me to any more real intimacy, her manner was less formal and more friendly.

Meantime, while I was, as I hoped, making progress in her good graces, events were working to bring to the surface the latent feud between her and Mr. Webster. That amiable gentleman had taken to devoting himself somewhat demonstratively to Miss Rosa Morrell, to the manifest discomfiture of M. Eugène Deblay, but not of Miss Rosa herself, who, like most school-girls, was an arrant little flirt, and had not the slightest objection to any number of strings to her bow. So she did not check Webster's rather pronounced felicitations on the occasion of her sixteenth birthday, but replied with a look at once shy and saucy, and quite enough to turn any head not turned already, as she went off laughing to school. Miss Knowles looked after her with a kind of wistful tenderness.

"Sixteen to-day!" said she. "What must it seem like to be sixteen, I wonder!"

"One would think, to hear you, there were a hundred years between you!" said I, laughing.

"I am twenty-two," she said, gravely.

"Only six years, then!"

"Only six years!" she echoed—"only six ages! That child is just beginning life, and I—!"

"And you—?" I repeated, as she paused, lost in thought, apparently.

"I—must be going to my scholars," she rejoined, with a quick look, half-suspicious, half-mischievous, at me, as she started up.

"Tiresome little animals, as Mr. Thorne rightly called them," said I, rising too. As we entered the hall, the street door was just closing on Webster.

"Will that be a match, do you think?" I asked, the sight of him reminding me of the subject.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Knowles, stopping short and gazing anxiously in my face—"Rosa—Miss Morrell and Mr. Webster do you mean? Do you see any real reason for asking such a question?"

"Only human nature in general, and—if you will excuse my saying so of your little friend—Miss Morrell's nature in particular. I don't think if I were in Webster's place, I should despair."

"Rosa is thoughtless, but I cannot believe—" She did not finish her sentence, but with knit brows

walked off, declining, as she invariably did, my company on the way.

That same evening, as I was smoking at my window, I heard Miss Knowles' voice from the next room, Miss Morrell's. She had apparently just approached the window, which must have been open, for I heard every word distinctly.

"No, Rosa, I certainly do *not* like him. I distrust his face, it is cruel and cowardly. If the choice were really between the two, I should say a thousand times sooner Mr. Deblay than Mr. Webster, for at least—"

But when it came to names, I thought it time to make some sign of existence. I gave a slight cough; the window was instantly closed, and I heard no more.

It appeared, however, that I had not been the only uninvited listener to this fragmentary scene. The next minute Webster came out of the farthest corner of the balcony, where he had been sitting, too deep in shadow to be perceived until he moved. His face, as it came into the light, wore an expression that certainly justified Miss Knowles' opinion.

"So that's her little game!" he muttered. "But if I don't manage to get the odd trick of her, by—?" and with an oath he brought down his hand on the railing as he disappeared.

I hesitated at first if I ought not to put Miss Knowles on her guard, by informing her of what had passed. But I felt ashamed to disquiet her, no doubt needlessly, by repeating that vague sort of bluster, and as, for the next few days, Webster seemed quieter than usual, I ended by myself forgetting his words.

But somewhat more than a week later, his manner suddenly changed. It was one morning that he had a friend with him, whom he had brought home the night before and kept to breakfast. This fellow, Mosely I think was his name, was one of Webster's own sort, and the two were in oppressively high spirits, Webster, in particular, making a great number of small jokes, pointless, as it struck me, but which appeared to afford him much satisfaction, and which he accompanied, as I fancied, by sly glances at Miss Knowles for which I should have been delighted to fling the contents of my coffee-cup in his face.

Toward the end of the meal, Mosely reminded Webster of some letter which the latter was to show him. Webster took out his pocket-book, and began turning over the papers inside.

"This it, Gus?" said Mosely, taking hold of the nearest, a square white envelope directed in what looked, so far as I could see across the table, a very peculiar hand. But Webster drew it back hastily.

"No, no, that's a private letter," he answered, and this time I could not mistake that he gave one of those odd looks across at Miss Knowles, "a very peculiarly private letter, that I wouldn't let out of my hands for a double X."

"Well, you needn't be afraid of my making a bid for it," replied Mosely; "I've use enough for my double X's without buying up old paper. Now, then! have you found the right thing this time, or shall I call again next Christmas?"

Webster, it appeared, had found the right thing, and the two witty gentlemen presently deprived us of their company.

"I don't remember ever to have seen Mr. Webster in such an agreeable flow of spirits," said I to Miss Knowles, who, with myself, happened to be the last left at table, "I wonder what it betokens?"

"No good to somebody," answered Miss Knowles contemptuously, the first word she had ever said to me against Webster. I was about to reply, when my foot touched something under the table, and stooping down I picked up a paper.

"Mr. Webster has dropped one of his letters—the 'peculiarly private' one, perhaps," I said, laughing, and, turning it over, recognized, in fact, the marked handwriting. At the same moment Miss Knowles' eyes fell on the superscription, and her face grew white to the very lips.

"My God! can it be—!" she gasped. "Give it to me—the letter—the letter—" impatiently, as I looked at her in bewilderment. I gave it to her, she tore it open, cast one glance at the signature, and then her hand as if palsied let the crushed paper fall, and she sat staring straight before her with a look of such blank despair as I hope never to see again in any human face.

"What is the writer of that letter to you?" I cried, with a pang of keen, though undefined jealousy.

"He was—he is—my husband," she said, slowly, as if every word was a weight dragged from her. Then, with a sudden, feverish haste. "You did not

expect to find me an impostor! But remember, I warned you! Ah, you are silent! You would not drink that pledge to friendship now?"

"Not to friendship," I broke in, roused out of my stupor, "but to love! Why should a man you hate stand between you and—"

"Stop, Mr. Denvers," she interposed gravely, "stop, before you speak any word to destroy the single pleasant memory of all my later years. Do I look like a woman," she continued, lifting her head proudly, "to sacrifice honor to happiness? Have I ever given you a glance or a tone that could let you think that?"

"No," said I, bitterly, "you have been prudence itself! It is so easy to be prudent when one is cold; so easy to say—Go, for I do not love you!"

There was a moment's silence; and then a voice, her voice, but as I had never heard it yet, spoke my name; "George," it said, softly, "I do not say—Go, for I do not love you! but, Go, *because* I love you! Hush! You know me well enough to know that means good-by forever;—not one word more, if you would have me believe you worthy of my confession."

She had known how to use an appeal impossible to resist. I set my teeth to keep back the struggling words, while she continued, "I count on you to help instead of hindering me. I feel too stunned, too bewildered to think clearly." She took up the letter again, and looked at it as if some sort of conflict were going on in her mind. "Nonsense!" she said, finally, with a bitter smile; "such delicate scruples are misplaced between husband and wife; I will respect your confidence as you would respect mine, James Huntley." And with that she opened the letter again and read it through deliberately.

"I have no time to lose," she cried, when it was finished. "That man, Webster, has somehow discovered my secret, and betrayed it to—to *him*!"—striking the paper. "He will follow his letter, he writes, at once—why, good God! he may be here, then, at any time—this very day! No, I have not an instant to spare." She stood up, and holding out both her hands, looked long and earnestly in my face. "Good-by, George," she said; "wherever and whatever my life may be, it will be the brighter for the memory of you. God bless you, and good-by forever!"

"Not quite yet," I pleaded. "You will let me have one look, one word, at the very last—I must, I will!"

She hesitated; my face, perhaps, warned her not to tax submission too far. "You will promise me, then, to make no attempt to change my resolution, or to keep any hold on me? for Heaven, that knows all I have borne, and all I could not bear, in the old life, Heaven is my witness, that I would return to it sooner than—I have your word, then?"

"You have my word," I answered, perceiving by the determination in her features, that any hesitation would be worse than useless.

"Come again in an hour, then, and you will find me ready. My preparations, like my friends, are few," she said, with another of those bitter smiles; and with that we separated.

I walked through the streets like one in a dream, seeing nothing before me, nothing but what I had left behind—the woman I loved passionately, and in one little hour's time was to lose forever. But, with all the passion and will that was in me, I vowed that I would *not* lose her thus. I would fulfill the letter of my promise to her. I would not seek, by word or act, to sway her from her conscience; but I would keep myself informed of her movements, and contrive, somehow, sooner or later, to be near her; I would wait for her till death, if need were; but let her pass wholly and forever out of my life, I neither could nor would.

On reaching the railway station, even my preoccupation became aware of some unusual excitement. I joined a knot of eager talkers, and learned that there had been an accident to a passenger on one of the eastern trains just in. The stranger, who, according to the general testimony, had appeared to be in a singular hurry and excitement, had jumped off the train before it was fairly stationary—had somehow slipped and fallen, and—had been taken up for dead.

I made my way to where the body was lying. It was that of a man of some thirty years of age, evidently belonging to the wealthier classes. The face, which was not disfigured, was handsome, in spite of the traces of passion and dissipation. He was quite

dead; they had given up attempting to restore him, and were searching the body for identification. One of them, as I approached, had just opened a pocket-book filled with papers and marked inside with a name. I read the name over his shoulder: it was James Huntley!

Strange chapter in the strange romance interwoven with my life! This man's death, so sudden, so little to be looked for, had come to cut the knot of all the doubts, the difficulties, the despair which else might have enveloped the whole future of two lives! It seemed to me, that if ever I saw the finger of Destiny in any human event, I saw it there.

I waited only long enough to make sure that there was no mistake, and then I hurried back to Miss Knowles—to Miss Knowles?—that is, to Mrs. Huntley. Yes, for the first time, I realized that it was a husband's dreadful death that I was hastening to communicate to his newly made widow, and I shrunk from my task.

I knocked gently at her door. She opened it, and, seeing me, looked at me for the first moment in silent surprise; then, putting the natural interpretation of her own absorbing thought on my return, so much before the time set, she cried out—"I am too late, then, after all? He is here already?"

"You have nothing more to fear from him," I said, gravely, trying to break the shock to her by degrees. But she did not understand.

"Nothing to fear, do you mean, from—from my husband?" she said, slowly, with a perplexed look in my face.

"You have nothing more to fear from the man who was your husband," I repeated distinctly. This time she caught my meaning. She grew white, and her lips trembled so that she could scarcely articulate the words, "Tell me—"

I gave her the briefest and most softened outline possible of what had happened. She stood like a stone, only her face showing that she heard. I never saw in any human countenance such an expression as that in hers while she listened—pity, relief, awe, all struggling together. Then she moved her lips, but I heard nothing; suddenly she dropped to the floor and buried her face in the sofa-cushions, while a voice I should not have known for hers said: "Go—leave me alone!"

I had no words for such emotions as hers in that moment; I could only obey her in silence.

As I walked away, my mind going over all that had occurred, I could not help recalling the old saying, that man proposes and God disposes. This scheme of Webster's, laid with such malice and treachery—we had reason afterward to think that he had had access to her writing-desk, and so discovered her secret—this plot, I say, on which he had counted to crush her utterly, had been the instrument, in the hands of a mysterious Providence, of working her deliverance; working it after a terrible manner, it is true, but not the less freeing her future from its life-long shadow.

I pass by all the history of those sad days, days of sadness if not of mourning—the months of seclusion and waiting—to a time when I could claim her for my own before the eyes of the world, and call my neighbor, my friend, by the dearest name of wife.

"Eleanor," I said to her on our wedding-day, asking the inevitable question which I suppose every lover since Adam's time has asked, "tell me, when did you begin to care for me?"

"George," she answered, looking at me with the sunshiny smile in which there was never any ice now, "do you remember my saying, the day we met, that I was a believer in physiognomy? I think the mischief was done when you looked at me with your generous, honest eyes, and offered me that rash pledge of friendship; but I did not know it then," she added more gravely, "or I should have run away from you."

"And you dare to tell me so?" I said, assuming a jesting tone, for I didn't want those old troubles to cloud her face. "Don't you know that is high treason now? From this time forth you are to consider yourself as having no past, nothing but a present. The tyrant has spoken! Do you mean to obey?"

"I obey, George," she said, her lovely dark eyes looking earnestly into mine; "and I thank Heaven for giving me a present that makes obedience easy."

I took the soft, white hand that was so near mine, and—but go back to your own honeymoon for the rest; for, to use my wife's quotation, "I never kiss and tell."

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

FAMILIAR as the scenery of the White Mountains must be to thousands who have visited them as a summer resort, or have read the books and innumerable articles written descriptive of this famous region, there are still beautiful glens, brooks and waterfalls which are comparatively unknown. Most travelers who visit the mountains follow the beaten paths, guide-book in hand, content with a sight at the Flume, the Notch, some of the cascades, the "Old Man of the Mountain," and the Tip-Top House. Only a painstaking, nature-loving artist ascends all the brooks to their sources, hunting for such charming and cool retreats as the one Mr. Homer Martin found during his late visit to the White Mountains. He is an industrious, painstaking artist, well known in New York, who devotes himself to landscape drawing entirely. His pictures have a characteristic sombre quietness about them, for he appears to love shadows, and deep, wild glens. The past summer he has been sketching in Pennsylvania, and has, doubtless, a portfolio full of lovely studies from nature.

Many streams, some of considerable size, rise in the White Mountains, as the Franconia brook; the Pemigewasset River with its numerous branches; the Ammonoosuc River, the Saco River, Peabody, Swift, Wild Cat, Moose, and others. Flowing through a mountainous country, dashing over rocks, uniting ponds and small lakes, like pearls upon a silver thread, these streams afford the art-student an inexhaustible supply of studies, one of which we take pleasure in laying before our readers. We will ramble with Mr. Martin,

"In the wood's dark coolness,
Where the path grows rougher and more steep,
Where the trees stand thick in leafy fullness,
And the moss lies green in shadows deep."

In Mr. Martin's full-page picture, we have a glimpse of the famous Flume of the Franconia Mountains, with one of its numberless waterfalls and crystal pools. In the dim distance can be seen the huge boulder of granite which the suddenly contracting walls of the gorge hold suspended between them, about midway up their sides. The diameter of this boulder is about ten feet, and it seems to be so nicely adjusted in its elevated position one might fancy the hand of man could easily topple it over into the river below. No more wild or striking scenery can be wished for than that which constantly meets the eye while making the passage of the Flume. The brook runs over a rocky bed for a distance of some eight hundred feet, breaking up into numberless waterfalls, between two mural precipices that rise on either side, crowned with a wealth of forest foliage. The height of these stony walls is from sixty to seventy feet, and the width between them averages twenty feet. When the water is not too high, one can follow the stream through this narrow gorge, crossing it now and then upon the trunk of a tree which has fallen across the chasm, forming a temporary and precarious bridge. The banks are covered, in the proper season, with green mosses, and sweet flowers with their delicate bells,

"Tolling their perfume on the passing air."

Climbing the rocky heights, one can obtain a capital view from above. The silvery stream, the quiet forests, the verdant meadows, the placid lakes, the clustering villages along the winding road, unite in a picture of enchanting loveliness. In the autumn, when the forests are richly clad in purple, crimson and gold, or in the winter, when the ravine is filled with snow, and icicles hang from the rocks, and the little stream bursts here and there through its icy chains, the scene is one worthy the pencil of any artist. The poet Shelley, without visiting the White

Mountains, in his "Cenci" has unconsciously described this peculiar freak of nature:

"But I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life; yet, clinging, leans;
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine."



"The ripened grain they took from the wain,
And heaped in the barn, now running over

With the weight it bore of its garnered store,
With its new-mown hay and its fragrant clover."

LAKE MOHONK.

AMONG the hills of Ulster County, New York, west of the Hudson, and not many miles from the cities of Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, there is a romantically situated sheet of water, Lake Mohonk. A day of freedom among the grand old Ulster hills, a sail on the bosom of Lake Mohonk, whose waters are greener than the green sea itself—or an ascent of Sky Top, forms a summer excursion well worth taking. Out from among the pines, a grand sweep of country can be seen from Sky Top—the Wallkill Valley running to the south like a cord of silver, its shores on either side stretching away into rugged hills, the smiling meadow, the fruitful orchard and the cultivated farm, while over all there is a heavenly tint of blue and opal. The lake which Mr. Van Elten has so successfully depicted, is surrounded by masses of huge rocks piled in heaps from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet high. When the twilight falls upon the lake, and the great rocks that bend over it send out their shadows athwart its dark expanse, it blends the gloomy, the grand, the picturesque in a scene which is full of sublimity.

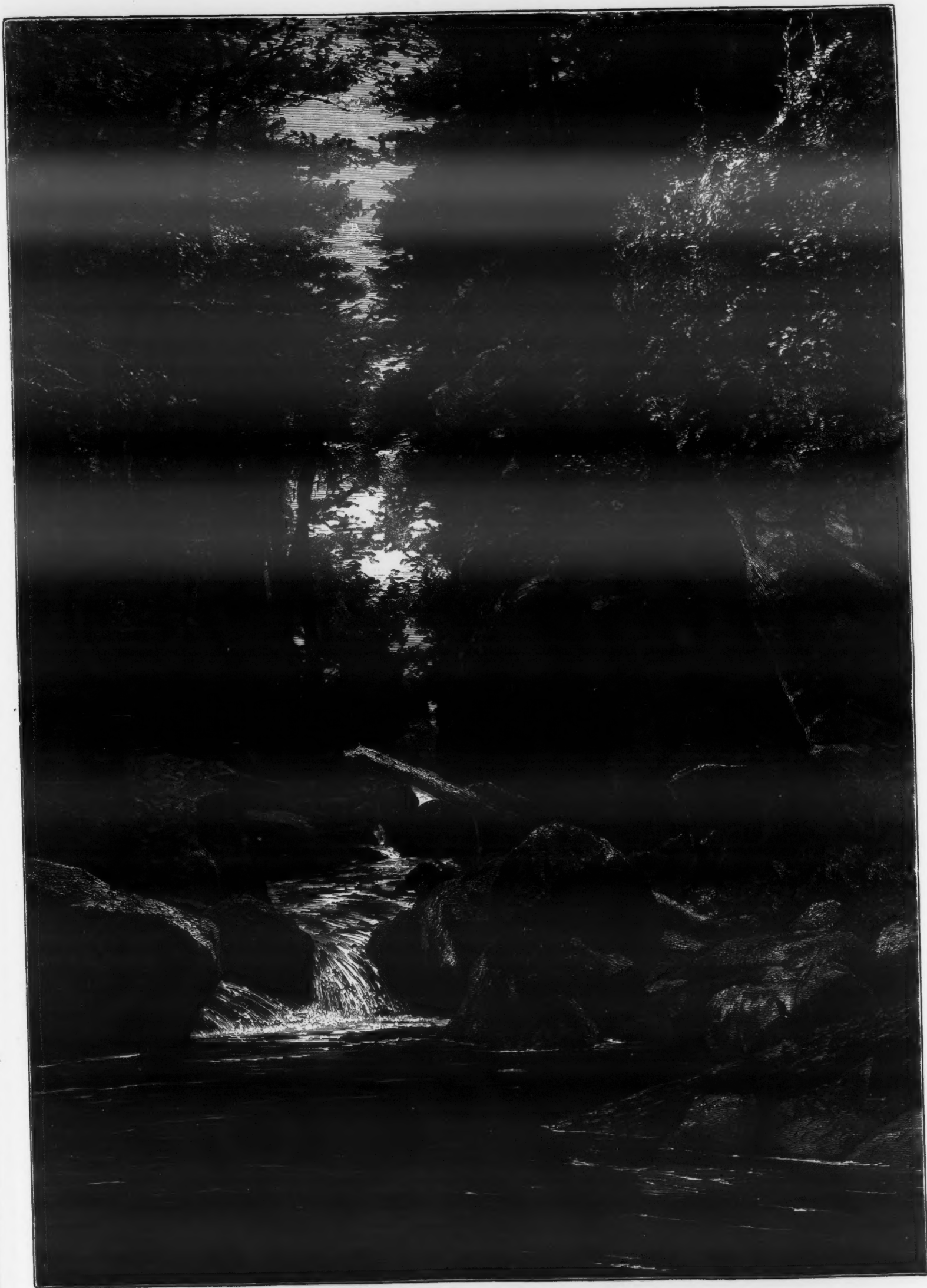
SUNSET SCENES.

THERE is great diversity in the pictures presented in the sky at sunset. Careful observation has demonstrated that in this latitude there are rarely two consecutive sunsets that are alike; excepting, indeed, during drought in summer, when frequently, day after day, the sun will sink in an expanse of pale blue sky, momentarily rendered pearly green by its effulgence—for immediately after the ensuing twilight the normal cerulean tint reasserts itself. I do not wish to be understood as intimating that sunset scenes do not frequently occur with the same condition of atmospheric changes, though even then, if the views were sketched, it would be found that there was each time great difference in the gathering and form of the wind-sculptured clouds, as well as in their colors and tinting by the sun. I find in my book for jottings many descriptions of sunsets, made on the spur of the moment while charmed with their glorious beauty; and perceive by comparison that each time an entirely different picture was produced, even the color of the sun merging from flaming red to soft molten gold. One of the most curious and wildly picturesque sunsets which I remember ever having witnessed occurred during the past summer in Newport Bay while sailing in a yacht. All the day, till the afternoon, the sun had shone brightly, having separated a cloud from which it arose into drifts which floated hazily and lazily along the northeastern horizon. In the morning the wind had unexpectedly sprung up in the southwest—unexpectedly, because for several days it held steadily in the opposite direction, driving storm-dealing clouds. It started with considerable force, but gradually weakened, dying out toward noon, when there was a dead calm for several hours; even the waves that had been lashed into a fury by days of storm becoming subdued and easy. About a couple of hours before sunset, which promised, with such a clear sky, to be very expansive and brilliant, there came fitful and gentle puffs of wind from the northeast; these increased gradually at first, and then rapidly, into violent though brief gusts, and next into a gale; the cloudy specks of the morning, massed and swelled, rolling before it, appeared like an enormous mountain that was coming over us, the various undulations of cloud being suggestive of foliage on a mountain side as seen from a distance. Sails were dropped on all the yachts; rain fell in large drops; there was a tempest of the elements for a few moments. The sun shone aslant in great splendor, but now the vast cloud

which produced deep shadows scudded before the wind, and the storm raged westward. The storm-laden cloud was succeeded by several detached masses, which passed over in solemn majesty, gaining steadily on the other. Suddenly the sun shone with great splendor in a long narrow slip of blue between the two masses of cloud which separated for the purpose of emitting its effulgence, which was unusually bright by contrast with the black, murky frame. Thus, peeping out between the two masses of clouds, the borders of the lower one of which it broke into pearly ridges, slightly gilding the smoky edges of the other, the sun was seemingly borne along beyond the western horizon, darkness immediately succeeding its disappearance. It is common to see the sun set in a cloud, but thus beset, this was the only time I have ever so seen it.

The region of Lake Champlain is noted for the rare beauty and gorgeous splendor of its sunsets. Seen from the city of Burlington, Vermont, or from the Green Mountains, the sun, when sinking behind the Adirondacks in the west, spreads out upon the heavens a marvelous panorama of cloud-forms in all the colors of the rainbow.

—Chandos Fulton.



A WHITE MOUNTAIN BROOK — HOMER MARTIN.

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COMING AND GOING.

WINDS, to-day, from yonder lilacs, blowing through my open door,
Bore their fragrance to a baby who had never breathed before.

But the dear old man who knew them, just as fresh and purple
then,
Seventy years ago, as now, will never, never breathe again!

One was going up to heaven as the other came to earth;
And the mortals and immortals each made record of a birth,

As two souls, upon the boundary which divides that world from
this,
Met and parted, in the melting of a first and last sweet kiss!

With a weary wail of welcome saw the little child the day!
With a song of praise triumphant passed the patriarch away!

All the same—the cradled cherub, or the pulseless, coffin'd clod—
Life and death alike are angels and the messengers of God!
—Dr. S. T. Clark.

ON DRACHENFELS.

WHILE dreaming away several weeks of the summer of 1853, in lovely Königswinter, on the Rhine, I rode one evening, just at sunset, slowly along the way which leads from Drachenfels into the little hamlet, head and heart filled with the beauty displayed everywhere around me. At a little distance from the first houses, my eye fell upon the figure of an aged woman, poorly clad, who moved tremblingly before me, a staff in her hand. Suddenly she paused, and, stepping aside to allow me to pass, began singing in a weak voice, but with a heartfelt expression, that dear remembered song of Robert Reinick:

"O sunshine warm! O sunrise glow!
Into my heart thou shinest so—"

Her outstretched hand made me understand the intent of her song; and, riding nearer, I discovered that the singer was *blind*. Never had a strain thrilled me more deeply—never had a petition seemed more touching than this of a blind woman singing the bright, free lay of the sunshine.

"Have you been long blind?" I asked.

"Since the 5th of February, 1852," was the answer. "But my eyes had long been ailing. In the winter I spin, and in summer I sing songs and ballads, and so I get through. My husband has been ten years dead, and my only child, too, has long lain in the grave. I am alone in the darkness, but—I am not afraid!"

"Who taught you the song you were singing just now?"

"The merry painter himself who composed it. I was the beautiful Kathrine of Ründorf."

From a chaos of questions and answers, I gathered materials for the little pen-picture which follows:

Drachenfels on the Rhine lay yet veiled in gray garments of mist, dreaming of the first greeting of the sun, while lovely Königswinter nestled like a sleeping child at its feet. Even the trees and birds had not yet awakened, when a merry little company, on a May morning of 1834, climbed the summit of the mountain. Loud and clear rang the sound of young voices through the still air—maidens from Königswinter, Honef, Ründorf and Heisterbach, had come to see the sun rise here to-day, and to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of fair Kathrine, the daughter of the inn-keeper of Ründorf. They were attended by their rustic gallants, and a troop of little boys carrying baskets and pitchers. A couple of well-to-do matrons were also of the party, less out of anxiety for the young people, than to recall the joyful holidays of their own youth.

The girls paused as they drew near the ruin, for a young man, with fair hair and foreign aspect, was sitting there, who must have risen even earlier than they. The stranger was dressed in the garb of a tourist, and cast a somewhat saucy glance from under his gray round hat. A knapsack lay beside him on the ground, a guitar hung from a blue ribbon about his neck, and on his knees he held a portfolio, the leaves of which he seemed to have just been turning over. But now he sprang up, and greeted the newcomers with a smile and a gay good-morning, as if he had been waiting for their arrival.

"I, too, wish to view the sunrise here," he said, "and have come from Düsseldorf for that express purpose. From here I am going direct to Rome, to see if it is as glorious there, and if the Italian girls are as beautiful as those of the Rhine!"

The girls looked at each other and laughed, while the young men cast proud glances around them as if to say, "You need but look, to see that our maidens are the fairest in all the world!"

The hearts of the dwellers in the dear Rhine-land lie in their eyes and on their lips. So it was not long before the stranger in the gray hat seemed a part of the merry company, with undisputed right to keep the birthday of pretty Kathrine. No one thought of asking his name—it was enough to know that he belonged to the well-beloved craft of painters.

Kathrine secretly wondered not a little, that an artist should journey about thus, without any luggage, and, besides, should be so *clean* to look at. Her grandmother had had for her husband a fresco-painter, who was sought far and wide for his skill. But she had been told how on all days alike he wore a smock-frock dabbled with paint, and went about with his face streaked like a goldfinch, followed by an apprentice with his pail of colors.

What made this painter so very different?

As the morning advanced, the company encamped themselves upon the scattered stones of the ruin, within the balustrade, which at that time was attached only to the steepest projections of the rocks. A tremulous, rosy light overspread the heavens, fitful breezes stirred the trees, as if to say, "Awake! the sun is coming!" Here and there the note of an awakening bird thrilled the expectant air. Gradually the mists upon the heights floated away, and in the east a red glow appeared. At first no larger than a little spark, it rose and broadened ever, shooting forth yellow flames, and touching with heraldic splendor the mountain summits, the solemn ruins of Drachenfels, and the round tower of Godesberg. Upon one point, at length, the eye could no longer gaze for its intensity of brightness; the imposing pageant, old, yet ever new, was once more unrolled, and the sun-ball arose in full majesty. The mountains received his first greeting smile, then his light penetrated deeper and deeper, and after a short conflict with the gray mists of the valley, the conqueror strewed his lavish gold, in fullness of joy, over the land and the dancing waters of the Rhine.

Only those who have looked for themselves, from the seven hills, upon the valley of the Rhine, can appreciate its endless fascination, since all mere descriptions, though never so vivid in coloring, are but gray shadows of the reality. The view from Drachenfels toward Remagen, or toward Bonn and Mehlen on either side, is truly enchanting. It was not strange that, on that May morning, all those young hearts were stirred with new emotions. Bathed in the glorious sunshine, with so much around them to see and hear, it was long before their delight could find expression in words. But when, at last, their joy burst from their loosened tongues, the strange painter struck two or three full chords, and sang, as if in recitative, the following song:

"O sunshine warm! O sunrise glow!
Into my heart thou shinest so,
That love awakes, a joyful guest,
And all too narrow grows my breast!"

Too narrow grows my house and room—
I hasten forth 'mid green and bloom!
There thou hast lured a winsome band
Of maidens, fairest in the land.

O sunshine! well thou knowest how
I, too, were fain to do as thou,
Who darest kiss each lovely flower
That lifts its face from field or bower.

Hast thou looked on the world so long,
Nor knowest that for me were wrong?
Ah, then! how canst thou pain me so,
O sunshine warm! O sunrise glow?"

"You must teach me that song!" said the beautiful Kathrine. "It shall be my birth-day gift."

"Very well," answered the painter; "but you must give me a kiss in return!"

"A dear reward! I have never yet kissed any man, not even my betrothed!"

"Could I have thought that *you* were a promised bride already! But to such a flower fly both bees and beetles! Where is your sweetheart?"

"On a journey."

"And you gave him no farewell kiss to take with him on the way?"

"No! My Fritz is not yet dear enough to me for kissing. I have never *wept* for him so long as I have known him; and until I can weep for a man—"

"Alas! then there is no hope for me!"

"Do not despair!" laughed Kathrine.

Meanwhile they had made coffee, and the boys unpacked the fresh, white loaves, and the brown bread.

"I wonder if a painter like this, who can sing such lovely songs besides, will eat and drink like other people!" thought the slender beauty.

Her grandmother had once told her of a great artist, who, during the twelve days of his labor upon a picture of the Virgin, had taken neither food nor drink. Remembering this, she was almost frightened to see this "Düsseldorfer," who was on his way to Rome, literally devouring the white bread; nor, indeed, disdaining the dark loaves, and sipping the brown beer with evident relish. She hastily repeated to him her grandmother's wonderful stories, and asked him, roguishly, if he, too, by fasting thus, could paint Madonnas.

"No!" answered the young man. "I shall wait for that until I go to heaven, and the Blessed Lady herself sits to me. Then I shall fast of necessity, and can do it more conveniently. But now I paint charming earthly maidens like you; and, if you will give me one kiss, I will fast *one* day over your portrait!"

"Do paint me, then; but—a kiss you cannot have—until I shall have wept over the ugly picture you will make of me!"

He took the tall, graceful maiden by the hand, and led her aside to a shady place, where he made her sit down. Tearing a spray of ivy from the wall, he twined it about her hair; plucked, carelessly, a bunch of bell-flowers, and when she had fastened it at her bodice, he threw himself upon the grass, at some distance, took his pencils and portfolio and began to sketch. The others came by-and-by, and stood or sat about Kathrine in groups so charmingly unstudied, that Robert Reinick, for this was the artist's name, often paused in his work to give his eyes free range over all the blooming faces, rosy lips, and graceful forms. But Kathrine of Ründorf was fairest of all. Her betrothed, the joiner's son of Remagen, might well have been envied such a treasure. None could compare with her, sitting thus, in her dark gown and bodice, with her apron of black taffeta, and the little starched lace cap, lying like a round leaf upon her glossy head, while the sunshine trickled through the branches upon her golden hair and dazzling face. At first her laughing brown eyes were raised archly to the painter's face, and a saucy smile parted her dainty mouth; but soon her countenance grew more serious in its expression; and, at length, the evanescent smile returned no more. Her lips were closed in a half-defiant curve, but her eyes sank often; a rosy flush overspread her forehead, her breast heaved restlessly and her hands trembled. Why was it? Artist-eyes were looking on her—large, true artist-eyes—and about such there is a mystery! The coyest heart cannot withstand their charm, for in them are stories and pictures, such as no pen can write nor pencil paint. One may forget their color, but their beauty and enchantment are a life-long memory. But it is strange that some men who know nothing of painting, have these same artist-eyes, while many a painter, in turn, despite pencil and palette, cannot claim their possession. Cool, common-place souls may jest at the legend they hold, for it is read only with the *heart*; but the fair Kathrine was a Sunday-child, to whom the gift of insight had come with her birth. There was a new bliss at her heart—she could have sat there her life long. She had forgotten all—her birthday, the sunrise, her companions, her grandmother, and, more than all—her betrothed. Meanwhile, she listened to the sunshine song, which the painter repeated for her, singing it after him, and wondering to herself that she could remember the verses so easily.

At last, Robert Reinick sprang up: "There you are, fair Kathrine!" he said, holding up the sketch. "I think you will be satisfied."

There she was, indeed, drawn with a touch strangely delicate—the nosegay at her bosom, and the ivy twined about her hair. She could not understand that the picture seemed so merry.

"Did I smile so much?" she asked.

The painter only nodded. She could not have heard him if he had spoken, for the pleasure of her friends, at the beautiful portrait, was so loudly expressed. Amid the confusion, Robert Reinick packed his sketches together, flung his knapsack over his shoulder, and, hat in hand, approached Kathrine with a warm "Adieu!"

"Are you going already?"

"Yonder come my comrades from Godesberg; we must go farther to-day—to Remagen."

He pointed to a boat just now crossing the Rhine, in which several young men were sitting.

Kathrine must have gazed too long upon the flashing waters which bore the skiff along; for, when the painter playfully touched her round chin, and drew



THE ROBBER OF THE AIR.—DEIKER.

the downcast face toward him, she dashed her hand hastily across her eyes, as if blinded. She did not draw it away, but despite the firm pressure, sudden tears welled forth between her fingers.

"Has the *sunshine* done it?" asked the painter, and drew the maiden apart from the others, who had crowded eagerly together, to exhibit the picture to the matrons of the party.

She did not answer, but looked at him with her tear-wet eyes, half-defiant, half-smiling, then bent hastily, and, with a hot blush, kissed him on the mouth.

"Take the first kiss of Kathrine!" she said lightly; but when, a quarter of an hour later, Robert Reinick hurried down the mountain, singing, half in regret and half in gladness,

"O sunshine warm! O sunrise glow!"

there stood above, amid the gay young revelers, one who looked after him as if his magical eyes had, indeed, borne away the sunshine with them, and doomed her henceforth to spend her life in darkness!

The loving sunshine never missed the way of the genial-hearted painter and poet; it rested on his life, on the creations of his graceful pencil, on his songs, which indeed shine "into the heart." Whoever approached him seemed touched by sunbeams, for the brightness within made always light about him. Even into his grave in the Dresden church-yard, on the 10th of February, 1852, the sunlight penetrated with such power, that Berthold Auerbach, his soul-kinsman, overcome by the splendor, broke forth in the beautiful words: "Behold! we lay our friend in the ether—not in the earth!"

Kathrine taught the song of the sunshine to all the young men and maidens about Königswinter. She herself sang it often between bitter tears; and at last, after a troubled life and a joyless marriage, she sang it before the doors and on the streets of the village. Having suffered long from her eyes, she became entirely blind on the very day when Reinick's vision opened to the eternal sunshine. She, too, looks upon it now, for it is long since she fell asleep.

In her death-hour she begged that on her grave-cross might be written the words:

"O sunshine warm," etc.,

but the pastor was shocked at such a request, and the cross remained a blank. Yet every morning there is a golden inscription upon it, which only the flowers know how to read.

—Elise Polko.

THE ROBBER OF THE AIR.

WELL-MEANING philanthropists and idealists indulge in dreams of the speedy dawn of the era of everlasting peace—of a Golden Age, in which there will be no more bloody contests between nations, and when the history of the wars of the present time shall be told as legends of a barbaric age.

If such dreams might be realized, what blessedness would be in store for all living creatures; but, alas! the very beasts of the field bear constant testimony that life and bloodshed go hand in hand, and, while the fatal seed of the apple of knowledge still exists in the human heart, we may wait in vain for the age of peace. The wildest savages and the highest European civilization alike seek satisfaction for real or fancied injuries in battle.

Old Professor Leo, of Halle, was not far from right when he uttered his much-reviled eulogy on "glorious, inspiring war!"

War is not only the solution of the problem of all human difficulties, but also the means by which beasts, and even plants, decide the position of their various existences. Whether bloody and devastating wars rage between great nations, or the animal life of the forest struggles on in its battle for food, the same great fact remains—where there is life and desire there is war.

At the present time, when so much is written upon the subject of universal unity, it is difficult to refrain from reflections upon the utter impossibility of a thing so much to be desired. Look at the struggle in the accompanying picture. The hen-hawk wages

a destructive war against the duck with the same right as the Englishman seeks to exterminate the South-Sea Islanders or the wild tribes of India. It is the old story: "For I am great and thou art small."

This robber of the air, the hawk, is a most dangerous enemy for all peaceable feathered life. He is cunning, cautious, strong and very bloody minded. He preys on doves, partridges, domestic fowls, ducks and all small birds. He also has a great partiality for rabbits, carrying off the old ones when they are sick or wounded, and young ones whenever he is fortunate enough to find them out. He is a thorough murderer! The hawk, when in confinement, will devour a hen every day for dinner, and several doves as a delicious morsel for dessert. Judging from this proof of his voracious appetite, the harm he does when free to work out his wicked will upon the small bird-world, may be said to cost the life of at least a dozen birds every day. If he cannot plunder a hen-yard or dove-cote, he hovers over the field and forest, descending upon whatever comes in his way. With those bead-like eyes, celebrated for their intense keenness, he penetrates the secret depths of wildernesses of reeds and long water-grasses where the wild duck makes his home. Although the duck is shy and cautious, and quick as lightning in all his motions, he cannot escape his murderous enemy, who spies him out in the very sacredness of his home, and, with a shrill, cruel cry of triumph, descends crashing through the yielding reeds, seizes the helpless victim, and bears him away a lawful prize. Sometimes, however, the duck, when old and strong, gets the better of his enemy. A naturalist relates that once, seeking specimens among the marshes, he saw a large wild duck plunge into the water with a hawk, whose claws were so entangled in his victim's feathers as to render immediate release impossible. The duck dived under the water, only emerging when his enemy had become so weak and benumbed by his involuntary bath, that he flew away with a heavy, unsteady motion, suffering the duck to remain in peace on his native shore.

ENGLISH MASTIFFS.

THE mastiff is essentially an English dog, having been bred to the highest degree of perfection in that country. He owes his origin to the Cuban blood-hound—the starting-point for all blood-hounds—and the English bull-dog, partaking of the qualities of both. Those which are the handsomest and most highly prized are of a yellow fawn color, which is a rare tint, indicating the highest point of breeding. There should also be a black stripe down the back, like the stripe on a mule's back, only cloudy, and not so well defined. For a perfect mastiff the jowl must be jet black, as well as the inside of the mouth. Some of these dogs are brindled, like the large one in the picture. When sheeted or spotted, they are of a low breed, and a speck of white anywhere upon them is considered a flaw.

At the present time mastiffs are rare in England, the day for their usefulness having long since passed away. A few may be found in the possession of wealthy and aristocratic families. There is now living in Lancashire a clergyman who is noted for his family of mastiffs. Another celebrated family of these dogs is at the Royal Zoölogical Gardens in Phoenix Park, Dublin. An adult male will sell for one hundred sovereigns in any of the great English dog-shows. A pair of weaned puppies will fetch ten guineas in the market. Full-grown mastiffs will stand with their heads three feet high; they are very teachable; can be exceedingly ferocious, and at one time they were extensively employed throughout Great Britain.

Long and merry years ago, in the good old times, before the game laws were as strictly enforced as they are now, the mastiff was bred by the great landholders, and taught to guard game preserves of all kinds upon the border. In the lowlands of Scotland, all through England, and on the estates of the wealthy gentlemen in Ireland, these dogs were to be found. It is against the nature of a mastiff to touch birds or small game; it only hunts wolves, bears, and men. They would kill sheep if they were not taught from their infancy to beware of them. The constant

cry of "Ware sheep!" is dinned into their ears the same as an Irish hunting-horse is taught to beware of wheat and all young growing corn. A well-trained hunter will not gallop through a field of wheat or corn unless urged to do so; but will skirt the field, or go in the furrow, his rider crying, "Ware wheat!"

In the days now long since gone by, the kennels of the mastiffs were so posted on the borders of an estate that different dogs seldom, if ever, came in contact with each other, while making their grand

glades unmolested, to keep the covers intact, until the common people discovered the use of fire-arms, and the art of poisoning, when they soon put an end to their occupation.

The kennels of the mastiffs were visited two or three times a week by the keeper, who fed them with raw beef. He would leave enough to last several days, for mastiffs do not gorge. After eating a certain quantity of food they bury the rest until it is wanted. The entrance to a kennel, strewed as it was

with bones, resembled the den of a wild beast. Young male dogs were chained in the kennel of the parent dog, to be taught by him the art of preserving game. The female dogs were always kept at home, usually in or about the stable with the horses, of which animal they are very fond. Mastiffs never bite or worry horses, and are allowed to run free among them. The artist in the accompanying illustration has depicted a stable scene, which exhibits this pleasing trait of familiarity between the horse and the dog.

There is a legend in Wales of one Llewellyn, a chief, who owned a favorite mastiff, named Gelert. Whenever this Welsh chief went out hunting, he took his dog with him. So noble and intelligent was the animal, that he was allowed to live in the castle with his master; there it usually slept at the foot of a cradle, where the baby-son of the chief reposed. The dog would caress the infant, and was apparently very fond of the child. One day the chief started out for a hunt, winding his

horn as usual to call the dog to his side. Vexed at the non-appearance of the mastiff, he returned to the castle. A terrible sight met his eyes! The cradle was empty; there was blood on the blanket; and the dog was also covered with gore. The chief rushed upon the dog, running his rapier through him. No sooner had he done this than he heard a faint cry, and looking under the blankets on the floor by the side of the cradle, the child was found unharmed. A wolf had entered the room, which the mastiff had killed after a terrible struggle. When the chief saw this, he was overwhelmed with grief at the death, by his own hand, of the noble Gelert.



ENGLISH MASTIFFS.—SPECHT.

rounds, otherwise they would be apt to fight among themselves. Each mastiff kept within the confines of his master's premises, and preserved the covers where woodcock frequented, kept watch over the pheasantries, or guarded the rabbit warrens from the poachers who infested the land. If one of these presumed to intrude, the mastiff would fly at his throat; taking down, without difficulty, even a strong man. Did, by any chance, a poacher kill a mastiff, he was liable to be shot for trespass, a felony which, in those days, was punishable by death. In this way the owner of the dog often avenged its death. So it came to pass that the mastiffs roamed the forest



A MASTERPIECE.

A MASTERPIECE.

THE jolly old inn-keeper has called in his friend, the village autocrat and acknowledged authority on all artistic and æsthetic subjects, and with face beaming with pride and satisfaction, has placed before his delighted eyes the new sign-board painted by the village artist, the autocrat's nephew and ward. Observe the expression of approval in the face of this model connoisseur. After carefully depositing his hat upon the table, he has planted one hand on his knee, and firmly grasping the huge knob of his cane with the other, has settled himself to undisturbed enjoyment. "Away with the old masters," says this enthusiastic critic, "behold here the triumph of realistic art. What were the grapes of Zeuxis, which deceived sparrows, or the curtain of Parrhasius, which deceived even Zeuxis himself, as compared to this delicious ham which makes one's mouth water with longing?" "When I first looked at that ham," chuckled the inn-keeper, "I began to sharpen my knife that I might slice off a piece for my best customer." And so they prattle together, these two old comrades, while poetry and romance flow over their very heads. The young artist, disgusted that to obtain his daily bread he has stooped to dip his pencil in pork-fat, forgets for the time all his vexations, as gazing on the pure face of his sweetheart, the inn-keeper's pretty daughter, he soars away into an ideal world, and already sees on canvas the fair Madonna face that he intends to risk his fame on at the next yearly exhibition. The young girl's face glows with pleasure and amusement as she listens to the extravagant praises of her lover's "pot-boiler," now and then exchanging shy glances with him, and fondly holding in her hand a little flower, his latest gift.

RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

THE name of this old camping-ground of the ancient Romans is like a panorama which opens before the mind's eye, fold after fold, upon which are engraved pictures including the history of centuries.

In the first century, the Emperor Augustus settled the lands lying along the upper Danube, and made

them a Romish province; and history, so faint in its records as to be almost legendary, tells us that he built a castle on the Danube directly opposite the point where the river, now called Regen, mingles its waters with the larger stream. Around this *Castra Regina*, as the castle was called, numerous families soon settled, and the place became a point of much value as the base of operation of many campaigns of conquest and devastation.

As the place assumed importance as a depot for grain, wine, and other products of the country, it came to be called *Radasbona*, or landing-place, a name it has retained, with some slight variation, up to the present time, in all tongues but the German; in which it is called *Regensburg*, or castle of the Regen. Moving along through the centuries, we find such famous names as Theodoric the Ostrogoth figuring actively in the history of Ratisbon; and, later still, in the eighth century, the holy Boniface appeared there and founded a bishopric. At the close of the same century, the city, together with all that part of Germany, passed by right of conquest into the hands of Charlemagne, and Ratisbon was the scene of a grand triumphal entry of the great conqueror.

On the hills opposite Ratisbon are the old palace and vast estates of the ancient and noble house of Thûrn and Taxis, those princes who held in their hands the postal privileges of all that portion of Southern Germany until recently, when the imperial Prussian eagle opened its hungry jaws and swallowed up so many small monopolies. But the Ratisbon of to-day is more a reminder of the past than a promise of anything for the future. Grass grows up through the pavement of its sleepy, narrow streets, its inhabitants delight no more in wars and conquests, and where once the bristling array of Roman soldiery crowded the streets, may now be found the easy, good-natured burghers, quite content with a *meerschau* of good tobacco, and a generous portion of beer and sausage.

King Louis of Bavaria, recognizing Ratisbon as a city of the past, as well as the geographical centre of the German nation, selected a commanding position on the hills overlooking the city and the Danube valley, on which to build his *Walhalla*, the temple to dead German genius. Here, in a beautiful Doric

edifice, so sacred, that to enter its classic shade one must remove the shoes from off one's feet, and tread softly and reverentially on the mirror-like marble floor, are statues of Germany's illustrious dead. As active workers in the development of Ratisbon's history, the holy Boniface and Charlemagne have a prominent niche in this memorial temple. Among their companions are Franz von Sickingen, "Knight," Ulrich von Hutten, Gutenberg, Dürer, Luther, Blücher, Mozart, Goethe, and so on through all the noble list of Germany's great workers and thinkers.

The natural surroundings of Ratisbon are beautiful and picturesque as a combination of fair vine-covered hills, a rolling fertile country, and the majestic flow of the Danube can make them. Goethe wrote: "The situation of Ratisbon is perfect. The country round about seems created to embosom a fair city. The old fathers of the church appreciated this beauty, and have laid hands on every piece of land they could by any pretext appropriate; and within the city at every turn one faces a church or a monastery."

We may thank those holy fathers for what they have given us of beauty, and stand overcome with admiration before the exquisite form and tracery of the round-arch doorway of the St. Jacob Church, but when we enter the gloomy underground vaults of the old council-house, we can fancy that the ringing voice of Melancthon is echoing in the great assembly-hall overhead — echoing down through the three hundred years since he spoke his denunciation there of all papal and priestly power. What terrors have taken place in those underground torture chambers! The ladder, the thumb-screw and the rack are all there still, rusty and worm-eaten, and while one shudders and trembles, it is consoling to know that both victims and judges have long ago met their just reward and punishment.

We leave the torture-chamber, where shrieks and groans seem still to quiver among the low arches, and gladly trace our way through the narrow streets to the grand old cathedral, a view of the façade of which we gave in *THE ALDINE* some time ago. A magnificent specimen of ancient church architecture, it rises from among the low surrounding buildings, with the soft sunlight, many thousands of years older



RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

than its hoary self, flooding the whole grand façade, making beautiful effect of *chiaroscuro* among the multitude of arches and pillars. The ancient cathedral, dating from the time of Boniface, was fired by lightning in 1273, and burned to the ground together with a large portion of the city. Bishop Dundorfer, a native of Ratisbon, conceived the idea of erecting a new building which should surpass everything in that portion of Germany in size and magnificence. Accordingly the corner-stone of the present cathedral was laid on the Eve of St. George, 1275, and the building consecrated to St. Peter.

In those days architectural conceptions were gigan-

tic, and long before the workman's hands had fulfilled the original plan, the very name of the designing architect had become almost a myth. When the corner-stone of a building has rested three hundred years and more in its position before the whole structure is complete, those who plan in the beginning must work by faith and not by sight. It was the year 1650 before the cathedral of Ratisbon was considered finished, and even then the towers were not completed according to the original design, and it is not probable now that they ever will be. The façade is one of the most restful of all celebrated buildings. Some cathedrals weary the eye with a

massive confusion of carvings and statues which seem thrown together with little or no idea of a perfect whole, but the cathedral of Ratisbon satisfies one with its perfect symmetry, the long, gracefully varied lines all seeming dependent upon each other, and the richness of carved detail all in unison with the grand central idea. The exquisite gem in the above engraving is the portal of the principal entrance with the surrounding windows. From it one may form a very clear idea of the beauty of the arches, the delicacy of all the fine tracery, and the richness of the pillars, adorned with statues of saints and graceful carvings.

CHARLES TEMPLE DIX.

WHILE yet the snow covered the land of his nativity with a spotless winding-sheet, a young American gentleman, and artist, died in the Eternal City, beneath the sunny skies of Italy. He was a man so fond of art, so gentle in his manner, with a heart so full of sunshine, it seems fitting that he should have seen the last of earth surrounded by so much which is beautiful, by an atmosphere filled with great memories and the sanctities of religion, beneath a heaven always smiling. The late Charles Temple Dix died in Rome on the 11th of March, 1873, at the early age of thirty-five. We give on this page a most excellent and satisfactory portrait of him, drawn by the hand of a brother-artist who knew him well, and knew him but to love and admire. He was a son of Major-General John A. Dix, the present Governor of the State of New York, and was born at Albany on the 25th of February, 1838. At a very early age he developed a decided talent for art-work, which finally took complete possession of him, and determined his future course in life. After his preparatory academic course, he entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y. At the end of his first college year, the wise and venerable Doctor Nott, President of the college, wrote to his father, General Dix, that his son's thoughts were so much engrossed by sketching and devotion to art, it would be far better to let his genius follow its natural direction at once, instead of waiting for him to complete his collegiate course. In accordance with this suggestion his father wrote to him, and left the question to be determined by himself. Availing himself of the option, he decided to leave college and enter at once upon his art studies.

In the winter of 1857 Charles Temple Dix spent three months in the studio of Edward Moran, the distinguished marine painter, in Philadelphia. At the end of that time, so rapid and great had been his progress, Mr. Moran told his pupil that his drawing was perfect, and no artist could teach him more than he already knew. He was advised to devote himself to the study of nature. Shortly after this Mr. Dix's pictures of marine subjects began to be exhibited in the National Academy of Design, in New York, where they attracted attention as indicative of more than ordinary genius in that branch of art.

In 1859 he made a voyage in a sailing-vessel to Gibraltar for the purpose of sketching the rock, and familiarizing himself with ships, their details of rigging, sails, etc., as well as studying the effects of calms and storms upon the ocean. Upon his return to America he produced many fine works, devoting himself entirely to his profession, until the commencement of the war for the Union. When that broke out he threw aside his brushes, and was soon commissioned First Lieutenant in the Fourteenth United States Regular Infantry. And in this connection it is a singular fact that not only his father, but his paternal grandfather also, had served before him in the United States Infantry, in the regiment of the same number—the Fourteenth. In the course of the civil conflict he was assigned to staff duty by the Secretary of War, and served upon his father's staff, with the rank of Major, until the close of the Rebellion, when he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious conduct and faithful service.

Late in the spring of 1865 Major Dix sailed for Barcelona, Spain, and from thence proceeded to Rome, in which city, and in London, he pursued his studies until death closed his career. He spent two summers on the Island of Capri, and two in the Channel Islands and on the coast of Cornwall. In the spring of 1872 he went to Venice, remaining there for two months. His last pictures are from sketches made there. Says a brother-artist, writing from Rome a few days after his death: "His pictures of Venice and Capri; the boats which he knew and loved like a child and like an artist; those bright Venetian sails covered with religious symbols and glorious with color, flapping idly against the mast,

or spread full in the wind, so superb in the sun, against the far-off sky and the dazzling waters of the wide lagoons! They are all there in his studio, and must make us mourn that we have lost the man, and yet again that we have lost the artist."

In the Royal Academy, London, one of his pictures was accorded the distinction of the red star, a mark of unusual merit, and a distinction sought for by all exhibitors in that famed gallery of paintings. Besides the pictures which adorn his father's residence in New York, other works of his are in possession of Mr. John J. Astor, Jr., Mr. William T. Blodgett, Mr. Henry Farnam, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Professor D. Cady Eaton, and many other prominent citizens of New York. At the Century Club in New York can be seen one of his pictures, "A Sunset in Capri," painted for, and presented by him to the Club, of which he was a member.

Charles Temple Dix was married at All Saints' Church, Kensington, London, on the 9th of March, 1868, to a very lovely and accomplished English lady, a niece of the late Mrs. Anna Jameson, the celebrated English writer, well known in this country.



CHARLES TEMPLE DIX.—H. BALLING.

His remains rest in the English Cemetery at Rome; and it is hardly probable that they will ever be disturbed, as it was the wish of his wife, and, it is thought, his own, that he should rest in the city he loved so well and which he had made his home. He took a deep interest in the welfare of the American colony in Rome, and contributed toward the foundation of the American Protestant Church in that city.

The death of Major Dix was sudden and unexpected. He had been ill but about ten days, and at the last he expired from hemorrhage, on the day his physicians held out great hopes of his recovery. The news of his death carried sorrow to many a household in Europe and America, for he had an extended circle of friends, and was loved and admired wherever he was known.

Eugene Benson, the artist, published a tribute to the memory of Major Dix, in the *Swiss Times*, Rome, shortly after his death, in which he said: "We have to deplore the loss of a man who had the most winning social qualities, the unobtrusive and courteous spirit of a gentleman, and the agreeable talent of an artist. The man was so gentle, and his gentleness was graced by such a quiet and true play of humor, that his presence was illuminating and quickening to the best social fellowship. The death of so young

an artist and so lovable a man is a severe blow; for the artist has been cut off in the best days of his development, and the man taken away when he was most endeared by all those associations which held so large a place in the life of foreigners upon a foreign soil. His pictures have always been noticeable for some of the most attractive and spirited characteristics of good art, and wear a genuine expression of the nature of the artist."

TRANSLATIONS OF AMERICAN BOOKS IN EUROPE.

It is a singular fact that American books are more popular than English works on the continent of Europe. This is best shown by the number of translations of the standard English and American novels into the languages of France, Germany and Italy. While of the works of Dickens and Thackeray there have been published in Germany but two translations, there are now in course of publication in that country ten different editions of Cooper's novels. In France, no complete edition of Thackeray's works, translated into the language of that country, has ever been published; but of Washington Irving's and Hawthorne's books seven translations have been issued.

In Italy, no foreign poet is more popular than William Cullen Bryant. His best poems have been translated again and again into the languages of the Sunny Land; and, at the last Commencement exercises of the Roman Lyceum, the young Count Marco Senaro earned rapturous applause by reciting a self-made translation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

Longfellow is the favorite poet of the Spaniards. No less than four translations exist in that country of his poetical works, and "Excelsior" and "The Psalm of Life" are as familiar to the señoritas of Madrid and Seville as to the ladies of New York and Boston. Cooper, too, is a great favorite among the Spaniards; and of Dergondez's excellent translation of the "Leather Stocking Tales" upward of one hundred thousand copies have been sold in the last ten years.

In Russia, too, American literature is exceedingly popular. The *feuilletons* of the *Golos*, the *Mir*, the *Northern Bee*, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, consist exclusively of translations of American novels; and among the few books in the nine thousand public libraries of the great Northern Empire is a Russian translation, by Xinursky Ridoloff, of Washington Irving's "Alhambra."

In Holland there is an extraordinary demand for American books, and at Leyden, the famous university city, a bookseller has found it profitable to issue what he calls an "American Library," the first six volumes of which consist of Longfellow's "Outrenier," Cooper's "Prairie," and Washington Irving's "Life of Washington."

Even in the far north of the Old World, American literature has recently become exceedingly popular. In Sweden, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had a sale of one hundred thousand copies, far exceeding that of any book ever published in the language of the country. The Norwegians read Bryant's poetry with genuine enthusiasm in Sternaer's excellent translation; and, if Americans are diligent readers of Hans Christian Andersen's works, the countrymen of the great story-teller of Denmark return America the compliment of being eager readers of the best novels published in the United States. Mr. Terstensen, in Copenhagen, an enterprising publisher, has issued, since 1868, six hundred volumes of his "Transatlantic Library," embracing nearly all that is good in American literature for the past thirty years.

Turkey is not exempt from this European predilection for standard American novels. The *Journal de Constantinople* has published a translation of Julian Hawthorne's "Bressant," and Cooper's wild and romantic "Leather Stocking Tales" are read to the customers of the *cafés* in the imperial city on the Golden Horn in an Arabian translation by professional lecturers.

—Max A. Muller.

MUSIC.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES.

THE thirty-first annual report of the New York Philharmonic Society is a brief and formal document, containing only the roll of members, the programmes of the past season, and the figures of receipts and expenditures. Even in these, however, we find some interesting reading. The profits of the year were about \$13,000, and two-thirds of this amount came from the extra charge for reserved seats and boxes. This fact is an ample justification of the policy adopted by the directors a few years ago, in the teeth of a great many remonstrances, when they established the sale of tickets for these concerts on the same system pursued at all reputable places of amusement. There is only one valid reason for refusing to reserve seats at an entertainment of this kind, and leaving people to scramble and fight for eligible positions—and that is that it enables the directors to sell tickets to more persons than the house will hold. It is not an honorable plan, and experience has now demonstrated that it is not profitable. Since the old method, with its inconveniences and scandals, its crowd of ladies and gentlemen shivering at the barred entrance from an early hour in the evening, and its omnibus-loads of school-misses introduced surreptitiously by the side door, its lobbies and passage-ways thronged with complaining subscribers, and its multitude of dead-heads, to whom it was so hard to refuse a ticket when the supply was unlimited—since this old method, we say, was abandoned, the prices have twice been increased, but the demand for places has always exceeded the capacity of the house, and we have no doubt the price might safely be put still higher. Even now the concerts are cheap, and the performers get very little for their services. The orchestra consists of one hundred players. There are ninety members of the Society, and fifteen of these did not perform last season. Twenty-five persons, accordingly, were hired to make up the band, and they were paid on an average about one hundred dollars apiece for the whole season. The performing members of the Society divide the profits. Adding to the surplus actually earned during the year a few hundreds from the small balance in the treasury, there was enough to give each member \$184, as compensation for playing at six concerts, eighteen public rehearsals, and twelve private rehearsals. They could earn more than that by marching at the head of a target company. Still it is satisfactory to know that the dividends have been slowly increasing of late years, and if the Society only hold its own, we dare say they may soon reach a respectable figure.

We say, if the Society hold its own. There is some doubt whether it can do that. One of the disadvantages of an association managed like the Philharmonic Society is its tendency to become an asylum for decayed musicians. No matter how much care may have been taken in its formation to admit none but the very best performers, there comes a time in the lapse of years when the hand loses some of its cunning, the touch grows uncertain, and the eyes are dimmed. Alas! we cannot be young forever. Sometimes the ambition and elasticity die out of a man's life long before his step becomes feeble or his hair turns white. He has lost the stimulus to exertion. He walks every day through one unvarying round. He shall do this week just what he did the last; there is nothing before him but a few aimless, barren years, and an unnoticed death. That the Philharmonic Society is encumbered by men of this sort is well known to all the profession. They were good players once, but the world has moved on while they have stood still, and they are good players no longer. What can be done with them? They will never improve, and if the Society has any power to get rid of them, it must be an odious duty for a prosperous organization to turn adrift in their decay the men who stood by it and worked for it when it was struggling for its existence. To retire a few of these worthy gentlemen with pensions would make a serious drain upon the revenues of the Society, but we fear it must be done, or the whole association will drop astern.

To tell the truth, the Philharmonic Society has lost position already. It no longer takes the lead as it did for so many years. The first orchestra in America is now Theodore Thomas's, and every season the superiority of that admirable band to all others in the country becomes more and more decided. Mr. Thomas is never at rest. He ransacks the Old World and the New for good players, and keeps them in his company till he can find better—not a moment longer. Hence, while his orchestra is remarkable for the close sympathy between its practiced performers, it is, at the same time, undergoing a constant process of renovation and improvement. It has drawn away some of the best men from the Philharmonic Society, and in the department of wind instruments, especially, is now vastly better than its elder rival. It is not only in the abilities of individual players, however, nor in the symmetry and finish of the *ensemble*, that a great difference is perceptible between the two bands. There is an indescribable but unmistakable difference in vitality also. The Thomas orchestra is ambitious and progressive; the Philharmonic has exhausted its best energies, and seems to be weary and careless.

The treasurer's report for last year shows that it spent for new music only \$177. This is very little. It is not enough to keep the Society *au courant* with the progress of art, or to give it more than an inkling of what modern composers are doing. We do not sympathize with the common complaint that the Philharmonic Society neglects the new school of music; still less do we blame it, as some of the newspaper critics are fond of doing, for its indifference to American talent. The budding genius of our native composers may need encouragement, but it is not the business of the Philharmonic Society to give it, nor is it the proper function of that Society to search after novelties, and try everything that holds out any promise. It was founded especially for the interpretation of the great classical masters; and when it has played them once, it should go back and play them again, and again, and again. Beethoven and Mozart are inexhaustible; and there is nothing gained by forsaking them to sweep the heavens for the discovery of new lights. Still, any musical society which aims at the development of popular taste must devote a reasonable amount of study to contemporary music, if it is only to show in what direction the current is moving, and what results are likely to follow from the studies of the past. That the Philharmonic Society fails to do this is patent to all mankind. The consequence is, that its influence is comparatively slight, while Mr. Theodore Thomas,

in the course of two or three years, has almost created a musical revolution.

We make these criticisms in no captious spirit, but because we honor the Society; we are grateful to it for its services to art; we wish for it a long and brilliant career, and we are conscious that unless a new spirit can be infused into it, decay and obscurity are inevitable in the near future. The story of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society ought to be a warning. That is a rather anomalous body composed of a number of enthusiastic gentlemen who do not perform, but undertake to provide performances. Hitherto they have contracted with sixty members of the New York Philharmonic Society to play for them under Mr. Bergmann's direction. The sixty included a good deal of the dead wood, and the result was by no means brilliant. The concerts were never of the best quality; the public gave the venture only a precarious support; and the directors resorted to the bad policy of disfiguring the programmes with cheap vocalism, in the hope of attracting the untutored multitude. This year there is to be a radical change. The old orchestra is discarded, and Mr. Theodore Thomas comes in with his whole band to take its place. Brooklyn will thus fare better than New York. Now every thoughtful musician is asking whether Mr. Thomas is destined to supplant the old Philharmonic orchestra in this city also. For a while there was a sharp rivalry between the two organizations, but that, we may say, is now set at rest; and Mr. Thomas needs nothing to secure his triumph but a good hall to celebrate it in. The room at Steinway's is not what we need. It is a good place for lectures, but it is not a good music-hall. New York ought to have one of the grandest halls in the world—light, cheerful, thoroughly well ventilated, with comfortable seats, abundant elbow room, wide passage-ways, and facilities for gentlemen to walk about during the intermissions and chat with their friends. There ought to be of course a great organ, and a platform large enough to hold on occasion a full chorus. Steinway Hall has only two recommendations: it is large, and its acoustic properties are excellent. But it is not cheerful, it is not well ventilated, and it is not comfortable. To sit through an ordinary concert there is not pleasure but hard work. The one disadvantage under which Mr. Thomas labors now is the necessity of giving his symphony *soirées* in such a place.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mr. Carl Rosa began a tour of the English provinces with an English opera company on the 1st of September, opening at Manchester, where he seems to have been highly successful. Two of his principal singers are Americans, namely, Mr. William Castle and Mr. S. C. Campbell, and both have been received with a great deal of favor. Mr. Castle, in fact, is one of the best tenors now on the English stage, and it is a pity we should allow him to go abroad. American tenors, however, are not appreciated in their own country. Madame Parepa-Rosa will not sing with her husband's troupe in the provinces, but if it should be decided to risk a season in London, where English opera has never been fashionable, she will then probably join the company, together with Mr. Santley. It is reported that the Rosas will come back to the United States next year and bring Wachtel with them.

The Strakosch Brothers have become managers of the Italian Opera in Paris, and purpose, so they say, to retain the direction of the New York Academy also. Controlling the two leading houses on both sides of the Atlantic, they will have great advantages for the profitable employment of a large company, and there will be no excuse for them if they do not reform our lyric stage. We presume they will be able to get their artists much cheaper when they can insure them a New York and a Paris engagement both.

The Birmingham Festival this year in England was in all respects successful, and some of the performances seem to have been phenomenally good. Three new works were produced, and all met with favor: "Fridolin," by Sig. Randegger; "The Light of the World," by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and "The Lord of Burleigh," by Sig. Schira. The first of these is a cantata, written to a text prepared by Madame Rudersdorff, from Schiller's "Message to the Forge." Mr. Sullivan's work is an oratorio, and the most ambitious composition he has yet attempted. Signor Schira's cantata deals of course with the familiar story which Tennyson has embodied in verse. The English critics divide their attention pretty impartially between the music, the singers, and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Mr. Theodore Thomas produced at the Central Park Garden, just before the close of the season, a "Nordish Suite," by Asgar Hamerik, a Baltimore musician of Danish birth, and professor in the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. It is a fresh, spirited, melodious work, strongly suggestive of the conventional Norse character, and some at least of its movements are likely to become popular. A suite in four canons, by Solomon Jadassohn, of Leipsic, was also produced, and is likely to be heard of further. The concerts, in fact, seemed to grow more and more interesting as they drew toward an end. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Beethoven's Pastoral; one of Schubert's; one of Schumann's; Mozart's "Jupiter," and the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were among the notable things performed during the closing nights. Before this reaches the eyes of our readers Mr. Thomas will be fairly started on his annual tour. There are rumors that after this year he will travel no more, but devote himself to New York. Well, he has stimulated so much taste and culture in the course of his missionary career, that he ought to rest now, and leave the development of what he has begun to his disciples. The season which closed at the Central Park Garden, on the 23d of September, was the eighth which the Thomas orchestra has given in New York. Two were at the Terrace Garden. Then the orchestra moved to better quarters on the west side of the town. Before long we shall look for a second removal, after which we hope to find the company permanently settled in an establishment worthy of their reputation—a garden during one half of the year, an inclosed hall during the other. Then, perhaps, Mr. Thomas will stay with us, winter and summer.

The attempt a year ago to raise money for the Wagner Union and the great theatre at Bayreuth, by a concert at Steinway Hall, was not successful. The scheme, however, has not been given up, and we shall expect to hear from it before long. Mr. Thomas has resolved to carry it through, and he does not abandon his enterprises very easily.

ART.

PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

LIKE nearly everything else in this country, photography has made wonderful progress during the last quarter of a century, until to-day it very properly claims to be ranked as one of the fine arts. The large number of useful as well as artistic purposes to which photography has been successfully applied; the vast amount of happiness it affords the people; the great resources for future development which it contains; the discoveries constantly being made in the art; and the immense amount of capital invested in it by our countrymen, entitles it to worthy mention in our art column.

It is but a little over thirty years since the first sun-picture was taken in America. Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, had the honor of transplanting this beautiful art from France to America. In a letter written to us shortly before his death, he gives the following account of the manner in which the first daguerreotype ever produced in this country was made:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, August 14, 1837.

"DEAR SIR: In the spring of 1839, just before leaving Paris on my return home, I formed the acquaintance of M. Daguerre, the reputed discoverer of photography. The proposition to give him an annuity on condition of his revealing to the world his wonderful process was before the Chamber of Deputies, and had not yet passed the requisite forms. I learned from him that so soon as the bill was passed he had ready for publication the details of his process. I then requested that so soon as it was published he would remit me a copy of his work. This he promised, and accordingly, in the late summer or autumn of 1839, I received a copy, and immediately had constructed the apparatus as therein given in detail. Its first trial I made upon a plate of plated copper procured in a hardware store. It was about the size of a common playing card. I adjusted the apparatus at a back window on the stairway on the back of the University, and the object to be taken was the Unitarian Church, now a theatre opposite the New York Hotel in Broadway. The hotel was not then built, so that I had a clear view of the church. I was successful in obtaining an impression, although, owing to the impurities of the silver upon the plate, it was defective. Yet it assured me that the process was genuine.

"This I believe was the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. With sincere respect, your obedient servant,

"SAMUEL F. B. MORSE."

How vast has been the change since that feeble beginning! One of the best displays America made at Vienna, during the Exposition, was in the department of photography. And in our own country, at such great industrial exhibitions as are now annually held in New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities, large and beautiful collections of photographic works of art are to be seen. To-day the camera is more extensively used for family portraiture than was ever the brush of the artist; it has placed a picture-gallery, of the best works of art the world affords, within reach of the humblest citizen. We use the camera to illustrate books and newspapers; to make record of historical events; for the reproduction of old and rare manuscripts and books; for copying the works of the great masters; for scientific investigations; for studying the geography of the moon; for recording the phenomena incident to a transit of Venus; for business and political purposes. So useful and necessary has the camera become, it is now regarded as a matter of course, just as we accept the telegraph, the steam engine, gas, and other outgrowths of modern civilization, without reflecting how wide a space it fills in our daily life, how few the years since a feeble pencil of rays painted a dim picture upon a small copper-plate! Early last summer the fifth annual meeting and exhibition of the National Photographic Association took place at Buffalo, New York. It was the largest and most interesting ever held; while the collection of photographs filled a large building, making a remarkably fine appearance. Besides the American exhibitors, representing all parts of the United States, contributions were received from Berlin; Paris; Vienna; Calcutta; Christiania; Isle of Man; Tunbridge Wells, and Bolton, England. This National Association now has over twelve hundred members, who represent millions of capital invested in photography. The fact was stated at the meeting of the Association, that it is so difficult to get thoroughly-trained operators, that the printing department of many establishments often suffers. Recognizing this want, the Association has asked Congress to make an appropriation for the establishment of a Photographic Institute, for the instruction of pupils in the art of photography in all its branches. That we shall some day have such a school in this country there is little doubt, but we may well question the propriety of asking the Government to foster or encourage such an enterprise. If a demand for the school actually exists, a natural supply should be forthcoming from the people. The Photographic Association is really the best organization to establish such a school. And if once founded, we do not know why it may not be a new door open for the further employment of young women. With a suitable training they could easily acquire the skillfulness necessary for printing photographs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the popular writer on art, is opposed to a government having anything to do with the encouragement of artistic or intellectual pursuits. He says: "I believe that no government is competent to make a selection among intellectual pursuits, and say, 'This or that pursuit shall be encouraged by university degrees, while other pursuits of intellectual men shall have no encouragement whatever.'"

The fact that the photographers of the United States have organized for mutual improvement, shows that they are awakening to a sense of their highest needs. If, as artists, they are the lineal descendants of the old masters, there must be a vast accumulation of experience and wisdom worthy of their attention. Artistic education is one of the all-absorbing and imperative wants of the day. Recognizing this fact, the annual meeting of the National Photographic Association becomes an event of as much importance as the meeting of the National Educational Association, or the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The public is growing intelligent, demanding pictures which shall be works of art; and he who would secure the patronage of the people must be an artist. A glance at photography in this country shows that art principles are being more carefully studied; that strife and secrecy have given place to cordiality and open doors; that photographic societies are multiplying; and that, in order to encourage the art, handsome prizes have been offered for the best pictures produced at the next exhibition.

LITERATURE.

As by slow degrees Mr. Tennyson came to the end of his *Arthurian Idylls*, so has Mr. Longfellow, in his last book of poems, called "Aftermath," closed his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The Spanish Jew, the Poet, the Student, Theologian, Musician and Landlord, with whom we have all held such delightful converse in the bar-room of the Sudbury Tavern, have separated, never to meet again, doubtless to the regret of a wide circle of admirers. Even Mr. Longfellow seems to look back upon the dispersion of his friends with a touch of sadness, for in closing his work, he says:

"Where are they now? What lands and skies
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?
What hope deludes, what promise cheers,
What pleasant voices fill their ears?
Two are beyond the salt sea waves,
And three already in their graves.
Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below."

All things must have an end; the lives of men, the songs of poets, the seasons of the year. Mr. Longfellow is growing old. The snows of many winters whiten his hair! The title of this new book, "Aftermath," is suggestive of the autumn, or early winter—of the November of life. And like November days, a pensive undertone pervades many of the poems, a sort of Indian Summer verse, which adds a tenderness to the closing of the year. The poet thus characterizes his work:

"When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers,
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

He has been in the rich harvest fields of his literary resources, gleaned tales new and old. Some of these have appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but they are invested with a new charm from the rich setting he has given his poetical gems. In the preludes and interludes, as well as in the minor poems which make up the volume, we find verses of high poetical merit, as good as anything which ever came from Mr. Longfellow's pen. The tales which the poet tells with such a delicate art, are all charming, but too long for us to reproduce. An apology is rendered for their themes, some of which are antique and distant, after this manner:

"Poets—the best of them—are birds
Of passage: where their instinct leads
They range abroad for thoughts and words,
And from all climes bring home the seeds
That germinate in flowers or weeds.
They are not fowls in barnyards born
To cackle o'er a grain of corn;
And if you shut the horizon down
To the small limits of their town,
What do you but degrade your bard
Till he at last becomes as one
Who thinks the all-encircling sun
Rises and sets in his back yard?"

In a poem called "The Meeting" are these touching lines:

"We speak of friends and their fortunes,
Of what they did and they said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests:
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests."

Writing of the room after the guests had retired, there occurs the following graphic passage:

"The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace
Kept time with the revolving spheres
And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark, unconscious hours of night,
To senseless and unlistening ears."

Ten poems are called "Birds of Passage." One of them, "Changed," is pensive and sad:

"From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the milestones stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run."

And one, "The Castle-Builder," is full of cheerfulness and hope:

"A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dream boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

Nothing Mr. Longfellow can now write will enhance his reputation. To a philosophic mind, and ripeness of years, he has added culture, art, ease, and grace. The poems are published in London by Routledge & Sons, and in Boston by J. R. Osgood & Co.

The friendly hand of Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames has gathered "The Last Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," which have been issued in a handsome volume by Hurd & Houghton of New York. This comprises all the literary remains of the poet sisters, save a volume of ballads for children, which will soon appear. The heroic life of the Cary sisters, from their humble origin in Ohio to their widely mourned death in New York, is well known. So, too, for a quarter of a century their poems have been read and admired by all English-speaking people. There is no need for us to point out the niche they will occupy in the temple of fame; that has long since been done. Only once in a century do we have a Mrs. Browning; but poets like Mrs. Lydia Hunt Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, and the Cary sisters, are not therefore to be despised. These will always rank higher than many of the wild, grotesque, and popular poets of the opposite sex, who to-day bask in the sunshine of success. It is gratifying to know that, since their death, the sale of the poems of the Cary sisters has increased tenfold, showing that the public is giving them a wider and better appreciation. And we do not wonder at this. They were the people's poets, like Burns and Whittier; they loved Nature, and the lessons she taught, as heartily as Wordsworth; they indulged in no doubtful or maudlin sentimentality; they were as pure and good as Cowper; and they possessed much of the grace of Longfellow. For these reasons their songs have taken a deep hold upon the public heart, which beats responsive to the many chords set vibrating by those who knew so well how to touch the springs of human action, drawing a tear or provoking a smile.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were so nearly alike in feeling and thought; so bound up in each other; had so many experiences and friends in common, they wrote as if one mind controlled both. We shall not, therefore, attempt to point out differences in characteristics, but speak of their work as if it had but one fountain-head. The editor of "The Last Poems" has arranged them under different headings, as Ballads, Poems of Thought, Love Poems, Poems of Nature and Home, Poems of Loss, Personal Poems, and Religious Poems. In all, the volume contains one hundred and fifty poems, none of which are of any considerable length. Among the ballads we find "The Fisherman's Wife," "The Double Skein," "Selfish Sorrow," "The Miners of Avondale," "Dovecote Mill," "Black Ranaid," and "Breaking Roads," pleasingly written, embodying much of the true poetic feeling, while they narrate events of picturesque interest. In the "Fisherman's Wife," we read:

"The proudest lady in all the land,
That sits in her chamber fine and high,
That sits in her chamber large and grand,
I would not envy to-night—not I—
If I had his cold wet locks in my hand,
To make them warm, and to make them dry,
And to comb them with my fingers free
From the clinging sea-weed and the sand
Washing over them, it may be."

"The Chopper's Child: a Story for Thanksgiving Day," opens with this pretty verse:

"The smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the rills,
And the ripe corn, like a sunset,
Shimmered along the hills;
Like a gracious, glowing sunset,
Inlaid with the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight."

The shocking disaster in the mines of Avondale, some years ago, is fresh in our memory. Miss Alice Cary has a touching ballad of the event, which contains the following beautiful sentiment:

"Face close to face, in a long embrace,
And the young and the faded hair—
Gold over the snow, as if meant to show
Love stayed beyond despair."

All through the poems of these sisters we find delicately drawn pictures of nature, like the following in "Text and Moral," one of the poems of thought:

"Full early in that dewy time of year
When wheat and barley fields are gay and green,
And when the flag uplifts his dull gray spear,
And cowslips in their yellow coats are seen,
And every grass-tuft by the common ways
Holdeth some red-mouthed flower to give it praise."

In a poem on Abraham Lincoln, inscribed to *Punch*, we read:

"What need hath honor of a tardy crown,
His name from mocking jest and sneer to save?
When every ploughman turns his furrow down,
As soft as though it fell upon his grave."

Poetic gems like these sparkle all through this volume of "Last Poems." They fully account for the great popularity and loving esteem in which the Cary sisters are held by the American people.

A laudable and successful attempt to introduce the works of eminent Swedish authors to the American reading public has been made. This new rivulet of literature, now mingling its waters with our great ocean, is very pure, cool, and healthy. The Swedish people, living in one corner of the world, are aesthetical, quiet, unsensational, fond of home and country. Their literature partakes of the same characteristics. The best Swedish authors of to-day, as Madame Schwartz, Herr Blanche, and Prof. Topelius, inculcate virtue, patience, heroism, honesty and truthfulness, while they deprecate extravagance, false appearances, oppression in all forms, and idleness. With a reverence for God they combine a deep love for nature. One of the most prolific and popular Swedish authors is Madame Marie Sophie Schwartz. Her first book appeared in 1852, to be followed in rapid succession by a large number, many of which have been translated into the German, French, Hollandish, Danish, Polish, and English languages. Madame Schwartz,

in all of her fictions, attempts to solve some problem of interest to mankind, correct some abuse, or defend some truth; hence her works possess a high moral value, as well as a romantic interest. At the same time they are remarkable for their good common sense, for an absence of all the feverish excitements, bad passions, and false sentiments which enervate so much of our modern literature. Her American translators, Miss Selma Borg and Miss Marie A. Brown, after many vicissitudes with publishers, have brought out in this country seven of her books, the last of which is "The Son of the Organ-Grinder," with Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, for publishers.

Madame Schwartz has taken the hero of this book from the lowest class of vagabonds, and made his father a murderer, so that all through life the young man has terrible prejudices to struggle against. He also has a brother, Paul, who is very noble and affectionate, but insists upon remaining an organ-grinder, thus proving a hindrance to the advancement of the hero. The book opens with life-scenes of the early days of the son of the organ-grinder, when cruelty and poverty went hand in hand. A simple biographical narrative, rather tame at the commencement, it rapidly grows in interest, developing a good and unexpected plot which is filled with incident. Essentially a love romance, it is not a work to be swept away with the books of the season, since it contains much fine gold. We soon become interested in the fortunes of Conney, especially his love experiences, pursuing them with ardor to their happy termination. Madame Schwartz's style is clear and crisp. She writes in short, concise paragraphs, and if now and then she indulges in gentle preaching, the manner of it is inoffensive.

A few of her sentiments, culled here and there, are as follows:

"Live like a saint, be chaste as the moon, pure as snow, humble as a child, and you will still not escape slander, if you have the misfortune to excite envy in those of your sex."

"Every advantage that is misused changes, sooner or later, into an evil. This was the case with the great Revolution. It had passed beyond all limits, and therefore, from its bosom provided the power which again fettered France with absolutism."

"We complain that humanity is low and mean, that our times are demoralized. We are wrong. Whenever a good, commendable, or great deed is performed, people are ready to render it their respect, their sanction and admiration, and that so unconditionally that even envy at such moments is ashamed. We forget ourselves to proclaim with jubilant joy some distinguished trait in any of our fellow-beings."

"The divine justice does not permit any victory to be won through crime. When the champions of liberty thought with murder and blood to hallow the cause they embraced, they were as much mistaken as when bigotry thought, through the same means, to hinder the progress of enlightenment. Neither political nor religious truth needs to solicit such means to conquer; for its victory stands written in the heavens."

William Ellery Channing has written, and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have published, a pleasantly entertaining book about Thoreau, the poet-naturalist. All the pleasant, bright, and odd things which could be gathered about this strange man, who lived a half-hermit life on the banks of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass., appear to have been at the disposal of Mr. Channing, who has artistically woven them together into a species of biographical romance. The best of us have an inward liking for good old mother earth—a sympathy with nature in all of its varying moods, and most of us love to read of such an out-of-door man as Thoreau was. Had he been given to bold exploits, he might have become in New England history a second Robin Hood. Being a man of culture, living in the age of telegraphs, steam trains, police and newspapers, he was as gentle in his method and manner as a child. The author of many pleasant books, as "Walden," and "The Week," he has a wide circle of admirers, who will welcome this new and fresh account of the "natural philosopher." Many people will regard Thoreau as simply an idle dreamer; a half-wild man but a few removes from the savage. And it does seem strange to find a man who takes infinite delight in a patch of yew, a bunch of early cress, a scrub-oak, and a cluster of barberry bushes. If such simple delights are enough for a man, who shall complain? There is little danger of the world having too many of them, and we owe too much to Thoreau to find fault with his "occupations of a retired life."

Mr. Channing's volume tells us of the early life of Thoreau; of his manners and reading; of his nature; of the animals and seasons he admired; literary themes; his philosophy, walks and talks; his writings, personalities, field sports, etc. There are, besides, essays on "Spring and Autumn," "The Latter Year," "Mulum in Parvo," "Characters," and "Moral;" the whole concluding with eight poems called "Memorial Verses."

If one would learn of the journeys Thoreau made into the Maine wilderness, with canoes and Indians; of the authors he read and delighted in; of his favorite quotations; of the charming manner in which he could write about the dreary month of November; of his visit to the "Old Sudbury Inn," where Longfellow has just concluded his delightful "Tales;" of his love for frosty weather and delight in winter, let him peruse this chatty book, in the quiet of his library, or some warm chimney corner.

A book which may almost be called a great national work has recently appeared, entitled "A Descriptive Hand-Atlas of the World," published by T. Elwood Zell, of Philadelphia. John Bartholomew, F. R. G. S., is the author. The work contains a new series of fifty-seven maps, diagrams, and plans, and nearly three hundred pages of letter-press. The results of the most recent discoveries, and all the latest political changes throughout the world, are clearly shown in the maps, which are beautifully drawn and colored. The map of Palestine, for example, is as fine as any we ever saw. The comparative populousness and importance of the various towns are indicated on the maps, with the exception of those in this country, which grow so rapidly it is useless for an atlas to attempt to fix their population. A copious index accompanies each map, giving the rivers, bays, mountains, towns, etc. Besides the English names, the names known to the inhabitants of the country in which the place is situated are given, the whole forming a complete descriptive hand-atlas of the world.

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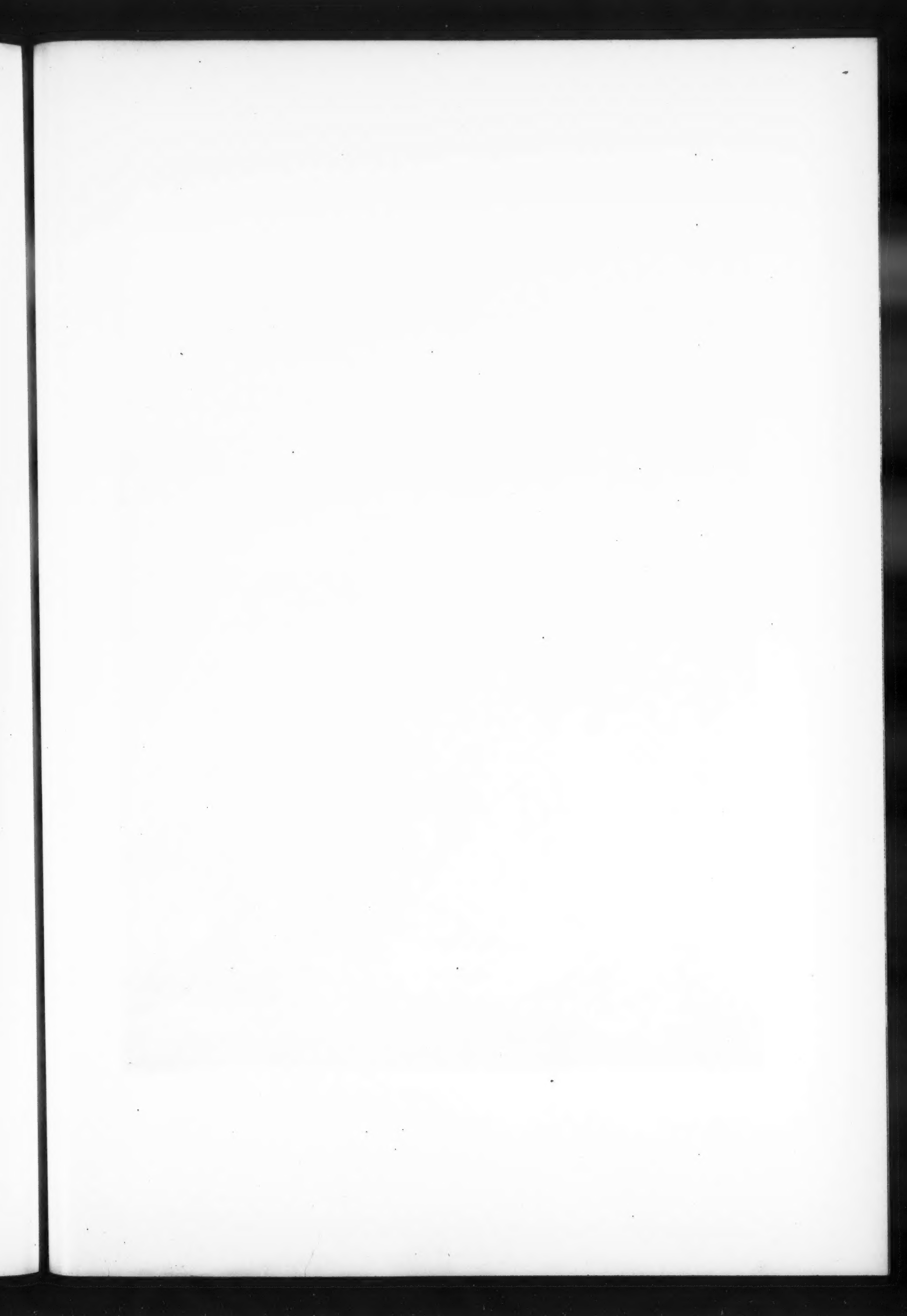
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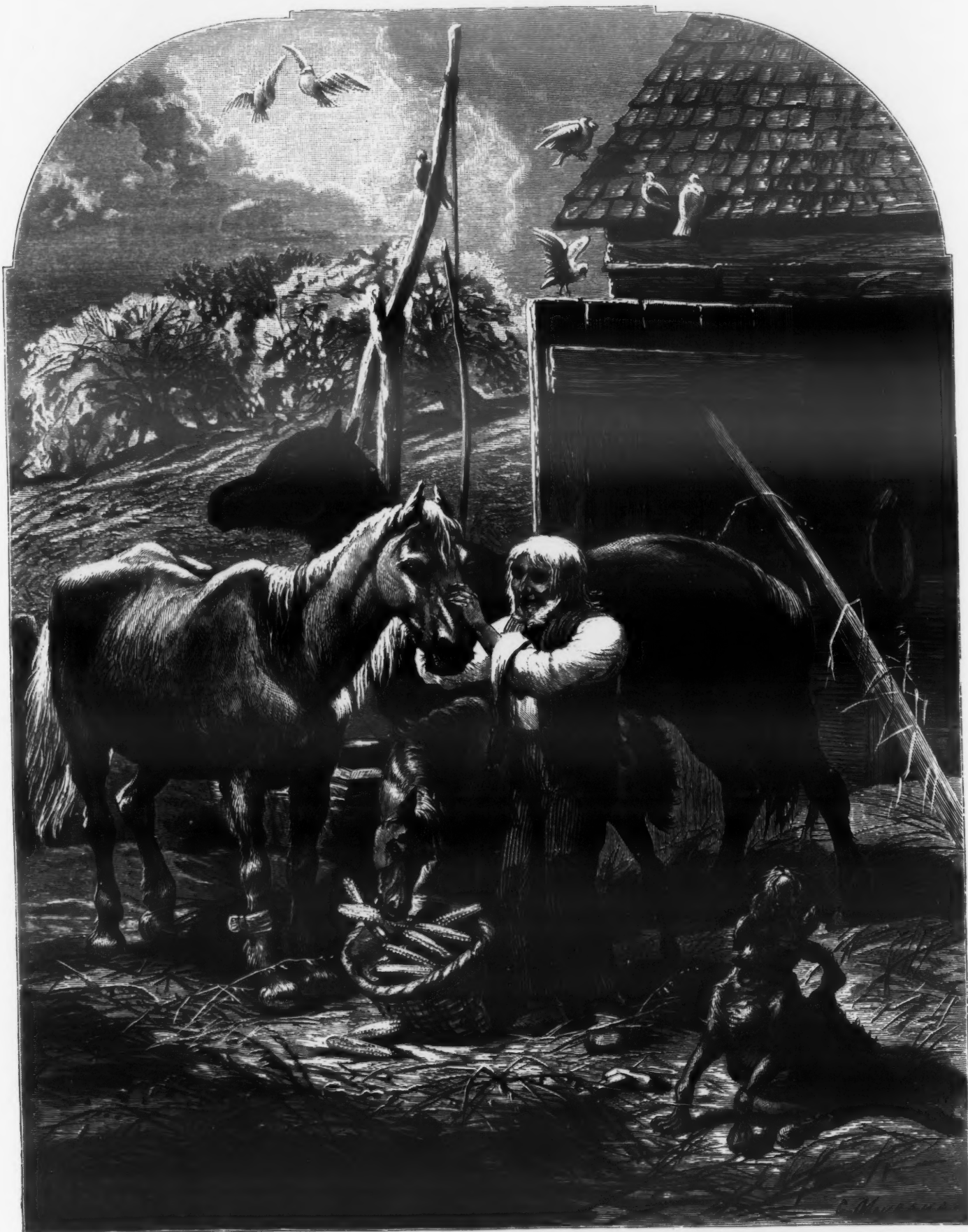
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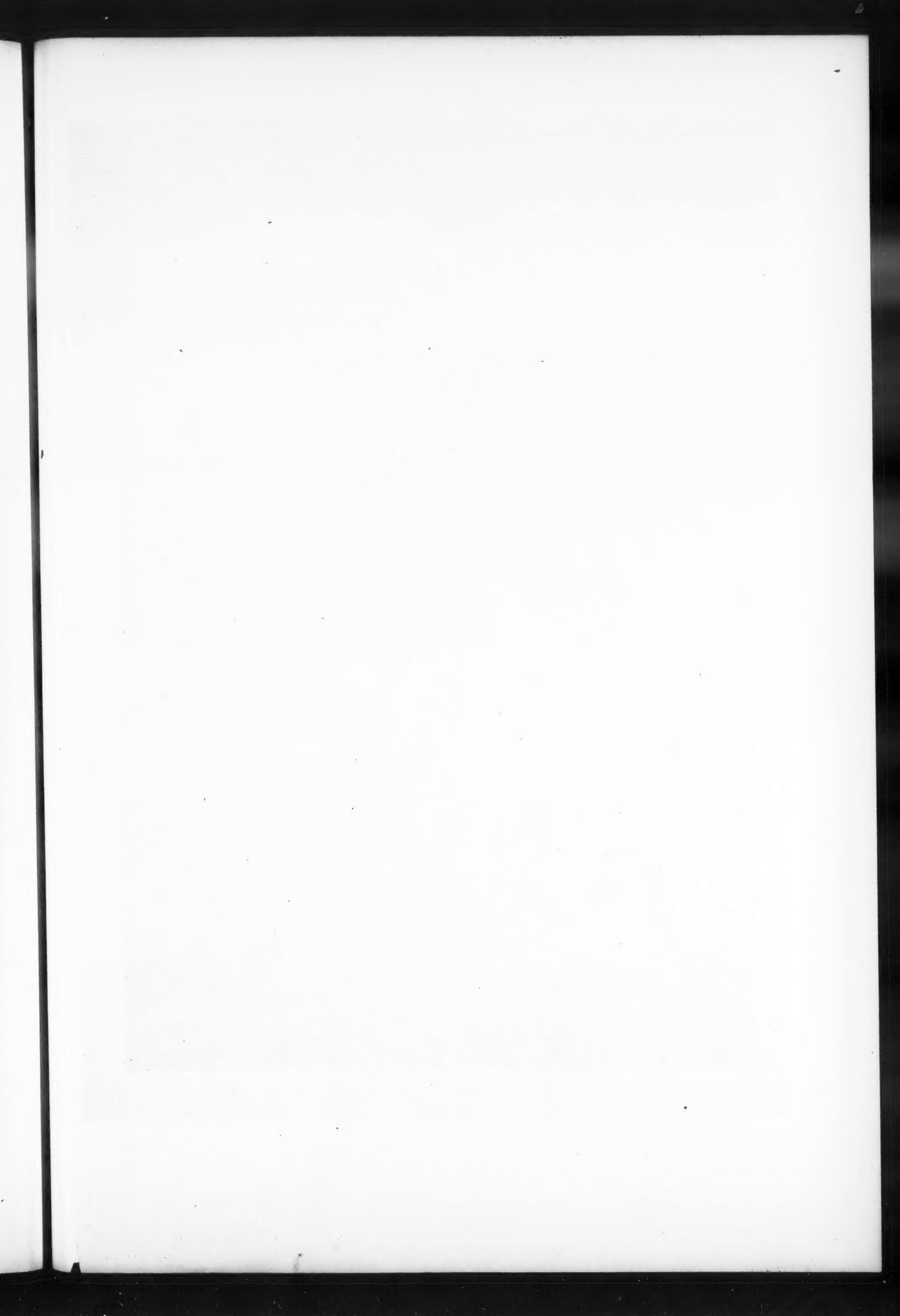


CHRISTMAS IN THE FIELDS.—JOHN S. DAVIS.





OLD FRIENDS.—JOHN S. DAVIS.





"Behold yon towers — mark well those crumbling walls,
The silent chroniclers of by-gone years;
Think what dark tales lurk in those gloomy halls,
Of war and terror, tyranny and tears!"



"How lovely is this silent scene!
How beautiful, fair lamp of night,
On stirless woods, and lakes serene,
Thou sheddest forth thy holy light;
With beams as pure, with ray as bright,
As sorrow's tear from woman's breast!"